HEROES OF **SONTAR**

A FOUR-PART STORY BY **ALAN BARNES**

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

TEGAN: JANET FIELDING
Time traveller's companion.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON
Time traveller's companion.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON
Time traveller's former companion.

THE SONTARANS:

FLEET MARSHAL STABB:
Sontaran Supreme Commander. Booming, frightening, ferocious.

FIELD-MAJOR THURR:
Bumptious, bumbling, full-of-himself CO.

SERGEANT MEZZ:
Unctuous, superior, has slid by on Sontar without much action.

CORPORAL CLUN:
Hoary, gung-ho veteran.

TROOPER JORR:
Cynical, pessimistic, flirts with insubordination.

TROOPER VEND:
Greenhorn.

TROOPER NOLD/ADJUTANT: (also ORBITAL COMMAND)
Tongue-less, only clicks and gargles./Stabb's aide-de-camp.

ALSO:

WITCH GUARDS
Various aspects of a battlefield ghoul able to divide itself into seven parts. It uses the voices of 'absorbed'/possessed Sontarans – as indicated in script.

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ABOUT THE SONTARANS

The Sontarans are a race of aliens with a stocky build, greyish-brown skin, and a distinctive dome-shaped head. They come from a large, dense planet named Sontar in the "southern spiral arm of the galaxy", whose strong gravitational field accounts for their compact form. Although physically formidable, the Sontarans' weak spot is the probic vent at the back of their neck, through which they draw nutrition.

The Sontarans' war against their mortal enemies, the Rutan Host, has lasted 70,000 years. Consequently, they have an extremely militaristic culture. Described as "the finest soldiers in the galaxy", their 'trademark' weapon is a small rod with two handles and a plunger at one end, fired using three fingers.

Sontarans reproduce by means of cloning rather than sexual reproduction. However, height, skin tone, facial features, vocal timbre and accent, hair, spacing of teeth and even number of fingers have varied from story to story, and sometimes within stories.

Sample clips may be viewed at:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LDW3yznTw1M

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q1mCFHUPPEI&feature=related

http://www.bbc.co.uk/mediaselector/ondemand/doctorwho/classic/clips/ram/invasion_of_time03?bgc=CC0000&nbram=1&lang=en&bbram=1&ms3=6&ms_javascript=true&bbcws=1&size=4x3

PART ONE

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1: EXT. PARADE GROUND ON THE PLANET SONTAR

(FX: A MILITARY PARADE PASSING BY. THOUSANDS OF TRAMPING SONTARAN BOOTS IN TIME WITH…

(MUSIC: SLOW, MARTIAL MARCHING THEME, LIKE A COMMUNIST ANTHEM. DIRGE-LIKE AND UNMELODIC, VIZ 'HARRY & PAUL' TITLES)

THOUSANDS OF MARCHING SONTARANS:
Sontar! Sontar! We live for Sontar!/
Sontaran troopers are bred for war!
Sontar! Sontar! We march for Sontar!/
The might of Sontar is why we march!
Sontar! Sontar! We fight for Sontar!/
The glory of Sontar is why we fight!
Sontar! Sontar! We die for Sontar!/
The death of our enemies is why we live!

(FX: AND BACK TO THE START. REPEAT ENDLESSLY AS WE CROSS TO — A PODIUM OVERLOOKING THE PARADE)

MEZZ:
(SALUTING) Fleet Marshal Stabb, sir! Presenting Field-Major Thurr, sir, as instructed!

STABB:
Good, good. (TO MEZZ) Stand easy, Sergeant! (TO THURR) You too, Thurr.

THURR:
As you command, Fleet Marshal. (TOADYING) It is a signal honour to be invited to watch over the passing-out of the Academy —

STABB:
(INTERRUPTING) No, no, can't hear you. Louder! Louder!

THURR:
(LOUDER) I was saying, your eminence, it is an honour to attend such a magnificent muster of Sontaran [clonelings —]

STABB:
(IGNORING HIM) Eardrums got blown out at the battle of Jerrick-Zero. Ten billion megatons of nuclear cannon-fire — can you imagine that, Thurr?

THURR:
(A FEEBLE ATTEMPT AT HUMOUR) Why, that would have made these clonelings sound like a bunch of bawling females, sir!

MEZZ:
They *are* females, Field-Major.

THURR:
What?

MEZZ:
It is said that an extra chromosome got into the mix at the breeding plant.

THURR:
Er — what I meant to say, your eminence, is — bawling *Rutan* females, Fleet Marshal, sir!

STABB:
It's of no concern, I'm sending them to certain death in the Doghead Nebula. (BEAT; SIGH) Permission to laugh, Field-Major.

THURR:
(STRANGLED LAUGH) Ha ha. Ha ha ha ha.

MEZZ:
That is very good, Fleet Marshal, sir —

STABB:
I was not speaking to you, Sergeant! (BEAT) Now, Thurr. The reason I have recalled you from the Gloom Moons of Aldebaran…

THURR:
Fleet Marshal, local resistance proved far greater than our strategists anticipated —

STABB:
Yes, yes, yes, I've had them destroyed.

THURR:
(CONFUSED) The Gloom Moons, sir?

STABB:
Your strategists, Field-Major.

(BEAT)

THURR:
Ha! Ha ha ha ha ha —

MEZZ:
(SOTTO) That was not humour, sir.

THURR:
… Ah.

STABB:
What does the planet Samur mean to you, Field-Major?

THURR:
(NOT A CLUE) The planet… Samur, you said? I, er —

MEZZ:
At the furthest reaches of the Madeleine Cluster?

STABB:
Don't help him, Sergeant!

THURR:
Madeleine Cluster, oh yes.

STABB:
The planet Samur marks the point of our great Empire's furthest incursion into Rutan space, twenty years ago. Ever since the conquest of Samur, the Empire has concentrated its resources… further back in the Cluster.

MEZZ:
(ASIDE) Considerably further back, in fact.

THURR:
I… understand.

STABB:
I have a special mission for you, Field-Major. I want you to travel to Samur, immediately —

THURR:
What, through Rutan space?

STABB:
Immediately! (TO MEZZ) Sergeant, the canister.

MEZZ:
Here, sir. —

STABB:
This canister is currently sealed. It many only be opened when you have landed on Samur.

THURR:
But — what does it contain?

STABB:
Your orders, Field-Major. Orders that must be obeyed to the letter! Now – your ship is ready and waiting. I have personally selected six other Sontaran warriors to accompany you to Samur –

MEZZ:
Five, in fact, Fleet Marshal –

STABB:
… and you, Sergeant Mezz. Makes six.

MEZZ:
Sir?!?

STABB:
Don't thank me, Sergeant. Ten years you've served as my personal adjutant. It's time you saw some action.

THURR:
Will it be a dangerous mission, sir?

STABB:
Highly dangerous! But I know how much the Sergeant relishes the chance to die for the glory of Sontar! Don't you, Sergeant?

MEZZ:
The glory of Sontar. Yes, sir.

STABB:
Well, then – escort the Field-Major to his ship! Dismissed!

MEZZ:
(TO THURR) Follow me, sir. (HE AND THURR EXIT)

STABB:
(GRUNTS TO SELF – THEN, SINGING TUNELESSLY ALONG WITH MARCHING ANTHEM) Sontar! Sontar! We die for Sontar!/
The death of our enemies is why we live…

(FX: FADE)

SCENE 2: EXT. MOSSY PRECINCT ON SAMUR

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. BEAT. DOOR OPENS)

(FX: NB — ALL CHARACTERS IN BARE FEET)

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING OUT) … as I explained, Tegan, shoes, boots, slippers and footwear of all kinds are strictly forbidden within the precincts of the Citadel — (BREAKING OFF, SURPRISED BY SURROUNDINGS) … Ah.

TEGAN:
(FOLLOWING) So — what? They don't want to ruin the carpet?

NYSSA:
That's not carpet, Tegan.

DOCTOR:
(CURIOUS) No. No, it's not.

TURLOUGH:
(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR BEHIND HIM) I detect from the tone of your voice that this place is not as you remember it?

DOCTOR:
(UNCONVINCED BY OWN ARGUMENT) Ah, Turlough. I suppose we might have landed in a part of the Citadel I've not seen before.

NYSSA:
The Citadel stretches the length of the planet, you said. There must be a lot of it.

TEGAN:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Well, what is it, if it isn't carpet?

DOCTOR:
Yes, I shouldn't step on that if I were you. —

(FX: SOFT SQUELCHING UNDERFOOT)

TURLOUGH:
Too late.

TEGAN:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) It's soft. Kind of… springy.

NYSSA:
It's moss. Purple moss.

DOCTOR:
Some sort of lichen, certainly.

TEGAN:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) But it stretches as far as the eye can see!

NYSSA:
Doctor, you're concerned.

DOCTOR:
The Citadel of Samur has its own complex ecosystem. A symbiosis between the buildings and those who dwell within them.

NYSSA:
And its inhabitants would never have allowed it to become overgrown?

DOCTOR:
No, they wouldn't.

TURLOUGH:
Well, I see no 'inhabitants'.

TEGAN:
(RETURNING) No people at all. (BEAT) Know what this means?

TURLOUGH:
Astound us.

TEGAN:
We can wear shoes.

SCENE 3: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: FADE UP. CONTROL ROOM AMBIENCE. DOORS OPENING FROM THE INSIDE)

(FX: NB – ALL CHARACTERS IN BARE FEET)

TEGAN:
(ENTERING) … I'm sorry, but if I must go tramping around a planet-wide mould, no way am I doing it in bare feet!

DOCTOR:
(FOLLOWING) It isn't mould, Tegan.

TEGAN:
Moss, mould, fungus, whatever – I do not want it between my toes!

TURLOUGH:
(JUST BEHIND) I'll fetch the shoes, shall I?

DOCTOR:
Thank you, Turlough. That would be helpful, yes.

TEGAN:
Wait a minute. Where's Nyssa?

TURLOUGH:
This moss has excited her curiosity. I think she wandered off.

TEGAN:
That woman needs to get a life. Turlough, you'd better stop her from going too far.

TURLOUGH:
Me?

TEGAN:
Like I said, I'm not stepping foot outside that door without at least a pair of slingbacks!

(FX: SLIGHTLY OFF, DOCTOR PRESSING BUTTONS ON CONSOLE)

TURLOUGH:
(EXITING) Fine. Fine…!

DOCTOR:
(STUDYING CONSOLE READINGS) You know, this really is most peculiar.

TEGAN:
What is?

DOCTOR:
The date. It's only thirty years, local time, since I was last here on Samur. For the Citadel to have fallen into such a state of disrepair in less than thirty years…

TEGAN:
Yeah, it looks like no-one's been here for centuries.

DOCTOR:
Like I say, most peculiar.

SCENE 4: EXT. MOSSY PRECINCT ON SAMUR

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. NB: SOFT SQUELCHING UNDERFOOT THROUGHOUT)

TURLOUGH:
(PADDING OVER MOSS, CALLING OUT) Nyssa? Nyssa!

NYSSA:
(OFF) Over here, Turlough!

TURLOUGH:
(FX: FOLLOW HIM AS HE WALKS OVER) Nyssa. Tegan sent me to stop you from wandering off. I see she was right to.

NYSSA:
Yes, well — I'm not the helpless young girl she thinks I am. Not any more.

TURLOUGH:
Nonetheless, I suggest we stick together.

NYSSA:
Don't worry, I'll look after you. (IGNORING HIM) Now — courtyard to the east, or courtyard to the west?

TURLOUGH:
Can't we at least fetch our shoes?

NYSSA:
The others can bring them. (DETERMINED) East, I'd say. (WALKS OFF)

TURLOUGH:
(TO SELF) … No. Evidently. (CALLING OFF) Well, wait for me. —

(FX: EXITS. A BEAT, THEN CROSS TO TARDIS. DOOR CLOSED. TEGAN AND DOCTOR NOW IN SHOES)

TEGAN:
Well, where'd they go?

DOCTOR:
I'm not sure. (CALLING OUT) Nyssa? Nyssa!

TEGAN:
She can't have gone far.

DOCTOR:
Still, we ought to stick together.

TEGAN:
She'll be fine. She's not the precious young thing you think she is. Not any more.

DOCTOR:
I suppose Turlough's with her.

TEGAN:
So she can look after him. (BEAT) What is it with this Citadel of yours?

DOCTOR:
I don't follow.

TEGAN:
You were so keen to come here. Like you had some sort of agenda?

DOCTOR:
Well, it's a retreat. A chance to recharge one's batteries, in a relaxed but nonetheless stimulating environment. People from across all of the Middle Galaxies used to come to Samur in search of – well, in search of whatever it was they came for. Sanctuary. Solace. Peace of mind.

TEGAN:
So what was it? A kibbutz? Some sort of giant hippy commune?

DOCTOR:
Not exactly, but you're in the general area.

TEGAN:
Yeah, you'd have fitted right in. (GENTLY) I am alright, you know. After the Mara, I mean.

DOCTOR:
Good. (CHANGING SUBJECT) Now – courtyard to the east, or courtyard to the west?

TEGAN:
(PERSISTING) I don't need a rest cure, Doctor. I don't need to hug a tree, or sit around a campfire singing 'Kumbayah'. What I need is to go somewhere, anywhere, that isn't… dull.

DOCTOR:
Quite. West, I think. (WALKS OFF)

TEGAN:
(CALLING AFTER) I'll leave the others their shoes, shall I? (TO SELF) Unbelievable. (WALKS)

SCENE 5: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. SOFT SQUELCHING UNDERFOOT)

TURLOUGH:
(WALKING) This isn't *one* courtyard. It's a field of courtyards! (TO STOP) Nyssa. We should go back. Nyssa!

NYSSA:
(STOPPING) These must have been sculptures, before the moss got to them.

TURLOUGH:
That, or statues. Are you coming?

NYSSA:
I should like to see what's underneath. Do you have a pen-knife?

TURLOUGH:
Why would I have a pen-knife?

NYSSA:
You're a boy, I thought you'd have a pen-knife.

TURLOUGH:
You're a girl, don't you have a — I don't know, a nail file?

NYSSA:
(EFFORT, DIGGING INTO MOSS ROUND STATUE) I'll just have to take it off with my fingers. (BEAT) But it's very, very — tenacious… (FX: RIPPING, SQUELCHING) There, that's got it. (BEAT) Turlough? Turlough!

TURLOUGH:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) Over here. What do you make of this?

NYSSA:
(FX: FOLLOW HER, WALKING OVER) What is it?

TURLOUGH:
(FX: RATTLING METAL FLAGPOLE) A flagpole, I think. (FX: FLAPPING CANVAS BANNERS) Two ensigns, but they're faded.

NYSSA:
Still, it's the only thing here that's not been touched by the moss.

TURLOUGH:
(DRILY) That's why I remarked upon it.

NYSSA:
On the mooring, where you're standing. I think it's a plaque.

TURLOUGH:
(FX: STEPPING DOWN FROM MOORING) A what?

NYSSA:
A plaque. See? (READING) "In the martial year seventy-five thousand and nine, this planet, its moons and satellites were hereby claimed for the greater glory of —" (BREAKS OFF)

TURLOUGH:
The greater glory of what? What's it say? Nyssa!

NYSSA:
"… the greater glory of the Sontaran Empire."

TURLOUGH:
"Sontaran"? What's "Sontaran"?

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 6: INT. THURR'S SHIP

(FX: SHIP IN FLIGHT. ALL SONTARAN TECH IS CLUNKY-, CHUNKY-SOUNDING, SO WE HEAR UNOILED, INELEGANT SWITCHES AND LEVERS; DISCORDANT FARTS FROM CONTROL PANELS, NOT DELICATE BLEEPS)

(FX: ELECTRONIC DOOR FROM FLIGHT DECK GRINDS OPEN)

MEZZ:
(SALUTING) Ah, Field-Major! The platoon await your instructions.

THURR:
(STEPPING THROUGH DOOR) Good, Sergeant. (STOPPED) Now – pay attention, troops. According to Pilot Bekk on the flight deck, we have now exited warpspace and will shortly be entering orbit about our objective: the planet Samur.

CLUN:
(SHARPLY, WITH RECOGNITION) Samur?!?

JORR:
Samur, did you say?

THURR:
Yes – Samur, Trooper… er…

MEZZ:
(ASIDE) Jorr, sir.

THURR:
… Trooper Jorr. Why, does the name Samur mean anything to you?

JORR:
No, no, sir. It just sounds like a dismal hole.

MEZZ:
That is true.

THURR:
Well, Trooper Jorr – the planet Samur marks the point of our great Empire's furthest incursion into Rutan space, twenty years ago.

VEND:
Field-Major! Field-Major! Do you mean, we are in Rutan space right now?

THURR:
As a matter of fact, we are, Trooper…?

MEZZ:
(ASIDE) … Vend, sir. Passed out of the Academy only recently. Very keen.

THURR:
Good, good. (TO VEND) Yes, Trooper Vend, we are in Rutan space right now —

VEND/NOLD/JORR:
(GRUNTS OF DISQUIET, BUT NOT ALARM)

CLUN:
Permission to speak, Field-Major, sir!

THURR:
Permission granted, Corporal…?

CLUN:
Corporal Clun, Field-Major! Thirty-five years in the Sontaran service, with the scars to prove it!

THURR:
That is highly commendable, Corporal. Did you have a question?

CLUN:
My question is, Field-Major — if we are in Rutan space, why are we going to Samur when we could be blasting Rutan scum to plasma?

VEND/NOLD/JORR:
(GRUNTS OF AGREEMENT)

THURR:
A good question, Corporal, and one I cannot answer before we make planetfall. (FX: TAPS CANISTER AT HIS SIDE) Sealed orders, you understand.

CLUN:
But what if we meet any Rutan scum on the way? Can we blast them to plasma then?

THURR:
Well, in the unlikely event that we should run into a Rutan patrol in orbit about Samur, then Pilot Bekk will indeed blast them to plasma. (FX: A FAINT FARTING, OFF, AS AN ALARM SIGNAL BEGINS TO THROB BEHIND THURR. IT CONTINUES, INSISTENTLY, THROUGH:) Now, any further questions? You, with your hand up.

NOLD:
(GARGLING: “ALARM, SIR!”)

THURR:
No, didn't catch that, Trooper…?

MEZZ:
(ASIDE) Nold, sir.

THURR:
… Trooper Nold. What's the matter, Trooper? Lost your tongue?

NOLD:
(GARGLING: "YES, SIR!")

THURR:
What's that?

NOLD:
(GARGLING: "I SAID, YES, SIR!")

MEZZ:
He means "Yes, sir." He lost his tongue. Bit it clean through in a podcrash, some years ago.

CLUN:
One moment, I know how Nold speaks. (TO NOLD) Say it again, Trooper.

NOLD:
(GARGLING: "ASK HIM, HAS HE NOTICED…?")

THURR:
Well, what's he say?

CLUN:
He says, have you noticed…

NOLD:
(GARGLING: "… THE ATTACK PROXIMITY INDICATOR…")

CLUN:
… the attack proximity indicator…

NOLD:
(GARGLING: "IS FLASHING?")

CLUN:
… is flashing!

THURR:
What?

MEZZ:
Behind you, sir. The attack proximity indicator appears to be flashing.

THURR:
We are under attack?

(FX: MASSIVE ELECTRICAL SOUND, LIKE A THUNDERCRACK, IMPACTING ON AND REVERBERATING AROUND THE HULL)

THURR/MEZZ/CLUN/JORR/VEND/NOLD:
(ALARM, SHAKEN)

THURR:
Sergeant! Status?

MEZZ:
(DRY) We appear to have run into a Rutan patrol in orbit around Samur.

JORR:
That dismal hole!

(FX: A SECOND THUNDERCRACK. MORE REVERBERATION)

VEND:
(EXCITED) We're under attack, by Sontar! Under attack!

CLUN:
Do not panic, boy! Do not panic! … (URGENT) We are under attack! Action stations! We are under attack!

SCENE 7: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

NYSSA:
As I recall, the Sontarans were the sworn enemies of the Rutans. An amoeboid species. The Doctor and I met them on Earth, in the Middle [Ages —]

TURLOUGH:
Never mind the Rutans, Nyssa — what about these Sontarans?

NYSSA:
A race of troll-like warmongers, apparently. I've not actually met one, mind you. But if they're half as bad as the Rutans…

TURLOUGH:
I said, never mind your Rutans! Not if we need to be watching our backs for trolls…

NYSSA:
I see no other evidence of military occupation. But the Doctor will want to see this banner, nonetheless. I suggest we take it back to the TARDIS.

TURLOUGH:
At last!

NYSSA:
Here, hold this moss sample while I — (SHE CAN'T GET THE MOSS SAMPLE OFF HER HAND) … Oh. That's strange.

TURLOUGH:
What is?

NYSSA:
The moss. It seems to have — (EFFORT, TRYING TO FREE MOSS FROM HER HAND) … stuck to my palm.

TURLOUGH:
Here, let me try to get it off. — (TUGS AT MOSS)

(FX: SMALL, ANGRY-SOUNDING SHLOOP)

NYSSA:
(SMALL YELP. A PINPRICK OF PAIN) Ow!

TURLOUGH:
Sorry. It seems to be some kind of natural adhesive —

NYSSA:
It's more than superglue, Turlough. I think… (BRIEF EFFORT) … I think it's *rooted*.

SCENE 8: EXT. COURTYARD WEST

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. SOFT SQUELCHING UNDERFOOT GIVES WAY TO FOOTSTEPS ON BRITTLE STONE)

TEGAN:
(WALKING) This isn't just one courtyard. It's a field of courtyards! (TO STOP) Doctor. We should go back. Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(STOPPED) Yes. Yes, I think you're probably right. (BEAT) You know, there's something strange about this moss.

TEGAN:
Yes. It's purple. The same purple it was back where we left the TARDIS. The same purple that's giving me eye strain.

DOCTOR:
The colouring's the same, I agree – but the moss itself is much less dense here.

TEGAN:
So? Look – I'm going back, before we get ourselves lost.

DOCTOR:
One moment, Tegan, if you would. (TO SELF) I wonder… What happens if I… *hup!* (JUMPS HEAVILY ON THE SPOT)

(FX: A DULL CRUNK BENEATH HIS FEET)

Interesting. *Hup!* (JUMPS AGAIN) (NB: NO CRUNK THIS TIME)

TEGAN:
What are the star jumps in aid of?

DOCTOR:
Ah. Well, I noticed that the purple colouring has extended into the stone floor itself, even where the moss isn't – see? And I wondered if the integrity of the stone itself might have been affected. Hence the impact test.

TEGAN:
Well, everything's fine. Now can we please go and find the others?

DOCTOR:
Yes, I think that's probably wise – (TURNS TO LEAVE)

(FX: A LOUD CRUNK FROM BENEATH THEM)

TEGAN:
Did you hear that? It came from beneath our feet!

DOCTOR:
Yes. (BEAT) Well, it's probably nothing. —

(FX: BANG ON CUE — MORE CRUNKS, TO THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT. CRACKING AS THE STONE FLOOR DISINTEGRATES AROUND THEM)

TEGAN:
You and your 'impact test'! The floor's giving way!!!

DOCTOR:
Brave heart, Tegan. It's only a craaaaa-[ck]! (FALLS INTO CRACK)

TEGAN:
Doctor!!!

SCENE 9: INT. THURR'S SHIP

(FX: TWO MORE THUNDERCRACKS IN CLOSE SUCCESSION. JUDDERING, SPARKS. FARTING ALARMS)

VEND:
Another hit! And another!

JORR:
We are doomed!

THURR:
No, no! Our shields can easily absorb this Rutan weaponry. And once their batteries are exhausted – then, then we will turn and blast them to plasma! –

(FX: SUDDENLY, ALARMS CUT OFF)

(BEAT SILENCE)

VEND:
It has all gone quiet.

THURR:
Like I said, their batteries are exhausted. Now – now I shall instruct Pilot Bekk to strike back, without mercy! (TURNS, BUT…) Strange.

MEZZ:
The door to the flight deck is not functional!

THURR:
(FX: BANGING REPEATEDLY ON BULKHEAD WITH FIST) Pilot Bekk! Activate the flight deck door at once! (FX: BREAKS OFF) Why can he not hear me?

JORR:
That will be because he's dead, most likely.

THURR:
Silence, Trooper Jorr! (FX: BANGS ON DOOR AGAIN; AROUND HERE, THE SHIP BEGINS TO ACCELERATE, A WHINE FROM OUTSIDE INCREASING QUICKLY IN INTENSITY AS THE SHIP BEGINS FALLING THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE OF SAMUR) Pilot! Pilot, open this door!

JORR:
Like the doors are dead. The alarms are dead. Face it, the whole ship is dead!

THURR:
I said silence! If the ship was dead, it would be plummetting helplessly through the atmosphere of Samur –

NOLD:
(INTERRUPTS, GARGLING: “PLUMMETTING HELPLESSLY IS WHAT [WE’RE DOING, SIR!”])

THURR:
(ROARS) I — said — ***silence!!!***

(BEAT SILENCE. IN WHICH THE WHINING FROM OUTSIDE BECOMES OBVIOUS)

CLUN:
Permission to speak, Field-Major!

THURR:
Permission granted, Corporal.

CLUN:
Trooper Nold says, plummetting helplessly through the atmosphere of Samur is what we are doing, sir!

MEZZ:
(TO THURR) Regret to inform you — Trooper Nold is correct.

THURR:
We are Sontaran soldiers, Sergeant! We do not plummet helplessly!

MEZZ:
Then I recommend the use of gravity spheres.

THURR:
Gravity spheres, good. (VERY LOUD, OVER HOWLING FROM OUTSIDE) Abandon ship! I order you all to abandon ship!!!

SCENE 10: EXT. COURTYARD WEST

TEGAN:
(EFFORT, PULLING DOCTOR OUT OF CRACK IN FLOOR) Come on, Doc — put some backbone into it!

DOCTOR:
(STRUGGLING ON LIP OF CRACK) I have plenty of backbone, Tegan. It's just that I'm trying very hard not to plummet helplessly to my death in the act of applying it…

(FX: CRUMBLING STONEWORK)

TEGAN:
Yeah, down the crevasse you created! (CATCHES BREATH) Alright, one more heave. —

DOCTOR/TEGAN:
(BOTH STRAINING) *Heeeeave!!!*

(FX: DOCTOR STUMBLES OUT OF CREVASSE, SCATTERING LOOSE STONE)

DOCTOR:
Thank you.

TEGAN:
So, Einstein — what do we do now, given there's a ten-foot crevasse keeping us from the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:
(GETTING UP, DUSTING SELF DOWN) Like I said, the Citadel's vast. I'm sure there'll be another way round, even if we have to traverse the breadth of the planet. (BEAT) Joke.

TEGAN:
Well, I'm not laughing.

DOCTOR:
No. (CHANGING SUBJECT) Interesting, though. This moss.

TEGAN:
Not that again.

DOCTOR:
Yes, that again. Where it touches the floor directly, like here, the ground is perfectly solid. But where the ground is merely dyed, the stonework's brittle, like it's been weakened on the molecular level.

TEGAN:
Meaning — what?

DOCTOR:
I have a theory.

TEGAN:
I'm not going to like this, am I?

DOCTOR:
Not a lot, no. What if the dyed, brittle ground indicates an area that the moss has already passed over…?

TEGAN:
You mean — it's eating the floor!?!

DOCTOR:
Eating anything it roots itself to, I suspect. What's more, it's moving.

TEGAN:
This gets better and better.

DOCTOR:
At an incredibly slow rate, of course. But given time, I've no doubt it could consume the entire planet. Such an organism could never have arisen naturally.

TEGAN:
Oh, great. Attack of the Purple Astroturf!

DOCTOR:
… of the *Alien* Purple Astroturf, yes. (PATTING POCKETS) One moment. Somewhere here I should have…

TEGAN:
What are you looking for? Weedkiller?

DOCTOR:
(FINDING PEN-KNIFE) Ah! (FLOURISHING IT) Pen-knife.

TEGAN:
Figures. You always had a bit of the Boy Scout about you.

DOCTOR:
Well, I promise to do my best. Now — (FX: APPLYING PEN-KNIFE TO A PATCH OF MOSS; SOFT SQUELCHES) — let's see if we can't cut a sample free. Taking care not to touch the underside, of course…

TEGAN:
Why?

DOCTOR:
… There, that's got it. And I don't want to touch the underside [because —]

TEGAN:
Uurgh, it's moving!

DOCTOR:
Well, its roots are. Looking to anchor themselves into whatever they can find, and suck it dry atomically.

TEGAN:
You wouldn't want that on your skin.

DOCTOR:
Yes, I imagine it'd destabilise human flesh rather sooner than it does stone. The question I have is:

(FX: QUICK CUT TO:)

SCENE 11: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

NYSSA:
(STOPPING, SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS) What happened here, I wonder?

TURLOUGH:
Never mind that now, Nyssa. We have to get back to the Doctor. The TARDIS. (BEAT) How's the hand?

NYSSA:
See for yourself.

TURLOUGH:
(DOUBLE-TAKE) But it's gone!

NYSSA:
Not exactly. It's moved further up my arm – see?

TURLOUGH:
It's moving?!?

NYSSA:
Slowly, yes.

TURLOUGH:
You mean, it's alive?

NYSSA:
Obviously. The question is not, "Is it moving?" The question is, "Why is it moving?"

TURLOUGH:
And "Where to?", I suppose.

NYSSA:
There's a biotronic agitator in the TARDIS. That'd purge the infection, I'm sure.

TURLOUGH:
Best we get a move on, then.

NYSSA:
I feel weak. I could use some support, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:
Well, I can see it's worrying, but I'm sure it'll all be alright –

NYSSA:
Not that sort of support! Your arm? (BEAT; SIGHS) You won't catch it, I don't think it's done with me yet.

TURLOUGH:
I wish I had your certainty. (BEAT) Alright, then. Put your arm around my [waist] — (FX: INTERRUPTED BY SONIC BOOM FROM SKY ABOVE)

NYSSA:
What was that?!?

SCENE 12: EXT. COURTYARD WEST

TEGAN:
(EXCITED) Up in the sky, Doctor! Look!

DOCTOR:
Good heavens.

TEGAN:
A shooting star! … It's breaking up!

DOCTOR:
Given the perfect sphericality of the parent object, and its descent trajectory… unlikely.

TEGAN:
Well, what is it, then? … Don't say a spaceship.

DOCTOR:
A spaceship. Sorry. And that's not debris in its wake. Escape pods, maybe? Spherical, too. (MORE TO SELF) And terribly familiar. —

TEGAN:
The big ship's coming down. It's gonna [hit!]

(FX: DROWNED OUT BY DEEP RUMBLING IMPACT FROM TWO MILES AWAY. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 13: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

(FX: DYING ECHOES OF IMPACT)

TURLOUGH:
(SHOULDERING NYSSA) Whatever that was, it wasn't far away.

NYSSA:
(SHOULDERED) Two point five to three kilometres, I think.

TURLOUGH:
(SHOULDERING NYSSA) What do you suppose it was?

NYSSA:
(SHOULDERED) A non-immediate priority. (STOPPING; RELAXING) Here we are. The TARDIS. (BEAT; REALISATION) Oh, no!

TURLOUGH:
Yes — no sign of the Doctor, or Tegan. (STEPPING FORWARD) Still, at least they left us our shoes. —

NYSSA:
That's not it, Turlough. Look at the TARDIS!

TURLOUGH:
Moss. It's covered in moss!

NYSSA:
Interesting. It looks like it's trying to find a way in.

TURLOUGH:
(SLIPPING ON SHOES) Yes, fascinating. But how are we supposed to open the doors without becoming infected?

NYSSA:
Right now, I have absolutely no idea. Pass me my shoes, would you?

SCENE 14: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. THRUMMING SONTARAN GRAVITY SPHERE COMES INTO LAND, HOVERS FOR A SECOND — THEN THUDS HEAVILY DOWN TO GROUND. BEAT)

MEZZ:
(FX: FROM INSIDE) Landfall achieved, Field-Major, sir!

JORR:
(FX: FROM INSIDE) More of a falling than a landing, it seems to us.

THURR:
(FX: FROM INSIDE) That is enough, Trooper Jorr! (TO MEZZ) Open the exit hatch, Sergeant.

MEZZ:
(FX: FROM INSIDE) Immediately, sir.

(FX: CHUNKY HYDRAULICS AS HATCH CREAKS OPEN. MEZZ STOMPS OUT)

(BEAT)

THURR:
(OFF, STILL INSIDE) Well? Anything to see? Report, Sergeant!

MEZZ:
We are on the battlements of a stone installation, sir. The main ship appears to have come down to the south.

THURR:
(STOMPING OUT) Does it, now. Is it intact?

MEZZ:
I cannot see for the smoke from the crater.

JORR:
(STOMPING OUT) A dismal hole in a dismal hole.

THURR:
Secure the area, Trooper Jorr! (FX: JORR STOMPS OFF) Now then, Sergeant — any sign of the other grav-sphere?

MEZZ:
Not that I can see.

THURR:
Well, then — try to raise them on the comms. (BEAT) Get to it, Sergeant!

MEZZ:
Orders, sir. Orders. Should they not be your first priority?

THURR:
(D'OH!) Orders! Yes, yes. — (BEAT) Pass me the canister, Sergeant.

MEZZ:
But — I don't have it, sir.

THURR:
You fool, Sergeant! You left it behind, on the main ship!

MEZZ:
You had it last, sir —

THURR:
You are my second-in-command! It is your duty to carry out my orders, is it not?

MEZZ:
Yes, sir!

THURR:
Well, then — why didn't you carry them out?

MEZZ:
But —

THURR:
Silence! You are a disgrace to the Fleet!

MEZZ:
Yes, sir. Shall I raise the other sphere now, sir?

THURR:
You do that, Sergeant!

MEZZ:
(FX: FLIPPING COMMS: USE EFFECT IN 'THE TIME WARRIOR' PART ONE — LINX'S FIRST MEETING WITH IRONGRON) This is Sergeant Mezz hailing Corporal Clun. Corporal Clun, report. —

SCENE 15: EXT. RAMPARTS/TOP OF CITADEL WALL

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN CLIMBING STEPS)

TEGAN:
(STOPPING, CALLING BACK) Oh, how many more steps? Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING) This is the Wall of No Division, it runs right around the planet. Carry on, Tegan. We'll have a much better view of our situation from up here.

TEGAN:
(RESUMES CLIMBING, AHEAD) "Wall of No Division"?

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING STEPS, BEHIND) It's not so much a wall, more of a concept piece. One begins walking on one side of the barrier, and ends up on the other.

TEGAN:
(CLIMBING STEPS) Well, what's the point of that?

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING STEPS) I suppose, that the wall isn't a wall at all.

TEGAN:
(CLIMBING STEPS) A mile-high work of hippy art. Terrific.

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING STEPS) If nothing else, we'll be able to see exactly where it was that spaceship came down.

TEGAN:
(STOPPING) What, so we're going to pick up survivors?

DOCTOR:
(STOPPED) I think not, in this instance.

TEGAN:
We're not?!?

DOCTOR:
Keep going. (FX: BOTH RESUME CLIMBING) I told you, Samur was a refuge – in this case, from a rather terrible war being waged in the next galaxy along.

TEGAN:
(CLIMBING STEPS) A war? Between who?

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING STEPS) A distinctly futile conflict between the Rutans and the Sontarans. Both rather belligerent species; both of whom employ spherical vessels. Best, I think, if we be on our guard.

TEGAN:
(STOPPED, AHEAD) Hey, I think I can see the top!

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING AFTER) Both species are noted for their hostility, and a general lack of interest in anything beyond the prosecution of their [interminable war. —]

TEGAN:
So, er… do either of them look like stumpy, cross-eyed trolls?

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING AT TOP) Why do you ask?

TEGAN:
'Cause there's three of them behind you.

THURR:
(FX: APPROACHING, STOMPING TO HALT) Halt, prisoners of the Sontaran Empire!

DOCTOR:
Oh, no. —

TEGAN:
Sontarans, right?

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid so. (STEPPING FORWARD) Field-Major, is it? I should like to declare that, under the terms of the Fifteenth Treaty, I, and all of my associates, must be considered non-combatants within the area of this zone, and as such exempt from martial jurisduction. —

JORR:
Marshal Jurisdiction? Who is Marshal Jurisdiction?

MEZZ:
Our Marshal is Stabb the Unvanquished, Supreme Commander of the Ninth Sontaran Space Fleet!

THURR:
That's enough, Sergeant! (BEAT) You are Terrans. What do Terrans know of the Fifteenth Treaty?

DOCTOR:
Ah…

THURR:
Terra is a Class C civilisation! Undeveloped!

DOCTOR:
Yes. That. Well, if you'd just let me explain. –

TEGAN:
(BUTTING IN) He's saying, we're time and space travellers, Shorty.

DOCTOR:
Yes, thank you, Tegan –

TEGAN:
… and if the Doctor says we're exempt from your jurisdiction, we're exempt from your jurisdiction!

DOCTOR:
I said, thank you, Tegan!

THURR:
"The Doctor"? (TO MEZZ) Did the female say – ["the Doctor"?!?]

MEZZ:
She did, Field-Major!

THURR:
Then: these must have been my orders, Sergeant!

MEZZ:
No doubt about it, sir!

THURR:
My orders: to seek out, capture and execute that sworn enemy of the Sontaran Empire – the traveller in time and space designated "Doctor"!

TEGAN:
(TO DOCTOR) Me and my big mouth.

DOCTOR:
(TO TEGAN) Quite.

(MUSIC: CRASH IN CLOSING THEME)

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

THURR:
"The Doctor"? (TO MEZZ) Did the female say – ["the Doctor"?!?]

MEZZ:
She did, Field-Major!

THURR:
Then: these must have been my orders, Sergeant!

MEZZ:
No doubt about it, sir!

THURR:
My orders: to seek out, capture and execute that sworn enemy of the Sontaran Empire – the traveller in time and space designated "Doctor"!

TEGAN:
(TO DOCTOR) Me and my big mouth.

DOCTOR:
(TO TEGAN) Quite.

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 16: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL (CONTINUOUS)

THURR:
Trooper Jorr, Sergeant Mezz – prepare arms!

TEGAN:
Hold on a minute. You can't just shoot us!

THURR:
(IGNORING HER) I want to see good clean shots to the head and the heart. Think you can manage that, Trooper?

JORR:
Yes, sir!

TEGAN:
(TO DOCTOR) Doctor, do something!

DOCTOR:
I'm working on it. (ALOUD) Better make that hearts plural, Field-Major. I'm a Time Lord – and Time Lords have two hearts, remember?

MEZZ:
He has a point, sir.

DOCTOR:
Indeed I do! So: how do you want to do this – one shot each to the left and right heart, followed by the head?

THURR:
That will do! Prepare arms!

DOCTOR:
Inefficient, however. Your plasma packs will only last so long, and presumably your ability to recharge your weapons is compromised, given that your main vessel crashed somewhere over there. Brought down by Rutans, I presume?

MEZZ:
(TO THURR) It is true. Standing orders dictate that, on a field mission, conservation of weapons energy remains a priority.

THURR:
So I shall take the shot alone! After three. Three. Two. –

MEZZ:
Is that advisable, sir?

THURR:
What now, Sergeant?

MEZZ:
Protocol dictates that the minimum number of Sontarans required to form an execution party is three.

DOCTOR:
Well, quite. You're not butchers.

THURR:
Ah, but in this instance, Sergeant, the Doctor is a viable target because… because he is attempting to evade capture!

TEGAN:
No he's not! He's not even tried to make a run for it! For some reason…

MEZZ:
Again, the female has a point.

THURR:
Well – run, then, Doctor! Run!!!

DOCTOR:
No, no, I think on balance I'd much sooner surrender. If it's all the same to you.

THURR:
(HOWL OF FRUSTRATION) Gaaah!

TEGAN:
(SOTTO) Doctor, what in the name of Rolf do you think you're playing at?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Sontarans have two weaknesses, Tegan. One is the probic vent on the backs of their necks – see?

TEGAN:
(SOTTO) Oh, yeah!

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) The other is their love of military protocol. And I'm guessing that the rules covering surrendered prisoners are rather more involved than those covering fugitive combatants.

TEGAN:
(SOTTO) Got you!

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) I don't doubt that we won't end up being executed, of course. But let's not see if we can't tie them in knots for a while first, hm?

SCENE 17: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

TURLOUGH:
(TO SELF) Where are they?!?

NYSSA:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) There's no sense in fretting, Turlough. I'm sure the Doctor and Tegan are perfectly safe.

TURLOUGH:
Yes, but we're not! Not with you in your (DISTASTE) … condition. Not that any of this would matter if the Doctor gave each of us a TARDIS key, of course. Which just goes to show how much he trusts us.

NYSSA:
He's only thinking about our safety. The TARDIS is valuable. Some people would stop at nothing to get their hands on a key.

TURLOUGH:
I suppose so.

NYSSA:
You could always go and look for them yourself, if you're worried.

TURLOUGH:
Me?

NYSSA:
You're not afraid, are you?

TURLOUGH:
Obviously not. But if there are troll-like warmongers about, I have to think of your safety, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
Oh, the Sontarans. I suspect they long since succumbed to the moss.

TURLOUGH:
You're sure about that?

(FX: A FAINT CLINK OF METAL AGAINST STONE, OFF — SONTARANS ATTACHING MINE TO EXTERIOR WALL)

NYSSA:
As will I, if we don't get into the TARDIS soon. (BEAT) I said, as will I, if we don't get into the TARDIS [soon] —

TURLOUGH:
Yes, yes, I know! I thought I heard something. (FX: CROSSING FLOOR – FOLLOW HIM) Over here, beside the wall.

NYSSA:
There's nothing there, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:
Behind it, I mean. Like – I don't know, metal against stone?

(BEAT)

NYSSA:
Still nothing. –

(FX: CRUMP: WALL BLOWN APART BY A SHORT EXPLOSION. MASONRY)

NYSSA:
(RUSHING OVER) Turlough! Turlough, are you alright?

TURLOUGH:
(COUGHING DUST) I told you there was something!

CLUN:
(OFF) That's it, troopers! Forward! Forward! Up and at 'em!

(FX: 3 x SONTARANS STOMPING FORWARDS FROM OFF)

NYSSA:
What was that?

TURLOUGH:
That, I presume, was whoever blew the hole in the wall coming to get us.

(FX: CROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL:)

CLUN:
Well, Vend? Can you see anything?

VEND:
(STOPPING, CALLING BACK) I see something, Corporal! Humanoidlings!

NOLD:
(GARGLES EXCITEDLY)

CLUN:
Forward and hold them! Hold them tight!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

TURLOUGH:
Oh, look. Troll-like warmongers. Marvellous. (GETTING UP) I think we'd better find the others.

NYSSA:
I can't run, Turlough. Not for long.

TURLOUGH:
Then I'll have to go alone.

NYSSA:
What, and leave me here?

TURLOUGH:
You're not helpless, Nyssa. (RUNNING OFF) I have to go.

NYSSA:
(CALLING AFTER HIM) Turlough! *Turlough!!!*

TURLOUGH:
(OFF, RUNNING) I'm thinking about your safety. Only your safety!!! (EXITS AT FAR END OF COURTYARD)

CLUN:
(STOMPING UP) There, soldier! Running!

VEND:
I see him, Corporal! (FX: SHOOTS — BURST OF PLASMA FIRE)

NYSSA:
Too late. You missed.

VEND:
(DEFENSIVE) The humanoidling was fast, that's all.

CLUN:
Well, after him, Vend, after him!

VEND:
(SALUTING) Yes, sir, Corporal, sir! (FX: STOMPS AWAY)

NYSSA:
(CALLING AFTER) You won't catch him. He's got the speed of a gazelle…! (TO SELF) When he scents a threat to his own neck.

CLUN:
You too, Nold. Go, go! (FX: NOLD STOMPS OFF) (SURVEYING NYSSA) Well, now — what is this? What is this? A *female…?!?*

SCENE 18: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

MEZZ:
(IN CONFIDENCE) Might I ask, Field-Major – what is to be done with this Doctor, and his female?

THURR:
I'm working on it, Sergeant…

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING) Excuse me, Field-Major? I confess, I'm curious to know more about those orders you mentioned…

THURR:
Sontaran battle-orders may not be discussed with enemy combatants!

TEGAN:
We're hardly that. We're not even armed!

MEZZ:
You might have weapons concealed about your person.

TEGAN:
If you thought that, you'd have searched us. But you've not done anything practical, have you? Seems to me all you've done since we met, Napoleon, is strut around with that swagger stick of yours, shouting. Well, colour me unimpressed!

THURR:
What is this 'Napoleon'? Is it an insult?

DOCTOR:
(SOOTHINGLY) A famous military leader from the history of planet Earth. Noted for his strategic genius.

TEGAN:
That, and for being five foot nothing.

MEZZ:
He had… five feet?

THURR:
Oh, but the female mocks us, Sergeant! I can sense it!

MEZZ:
Do you think so, sir?

THURR:
Obviously, she has not considered Standing Order Four-Four-Seven, Subsidiary Clause Two.

TEGAN:
Sorry, Shorty – didn't catch that. Went straight under my head.

DOCTOR:
Tegan, please –

MEZZ:
Subsidiary Clause Two: 'Mockery of a Sontaran officer is to be considered an act of war.'

TEGAN:
You what?

DOCTOR:
Yes, I rather think there's been a breakdown in communication here. My friend Ms Jovanka was not, in fact, declaring a one-woman war against the whole of the Sontaran Empire –

THURR:
Then what did she mean by 'Shorty'?

TEGAN:
Well, on my planet, short warriors are the most prized. You know, for their physical prowess, and general aggression.

THURR:
Is this true?

TEGAN:
Bite my ankles if I tell a lie.

DOCTOR:
Yes, well – as you've heard, Ms Jovanka has nothing but the utmost respect for your, er, kind. (CHANGING SUBJECT) These orders of yours, Field-Major…

THURR:
(TETCHY) What about them?

DOCTOR:
The thing is, I didn't decide to come here to Samur until little more than an hour ago. So I'm curious to know how your Fleet-Marshal Stabb could possibly have known to find me here, given that you must have departed Sontar – when? Three days ago, given the distance from there to here?

THURR:
Do you seriously expect me to question the orders of a superior officer, Doctor?

TEGAN:
The point is, big boy – what if your mission here has nothing to do with us?

THURR:
But it must do!

DOCTOR:
But if it doesn't, Field-Major – well, then, you're neglecting the orders of a superior officer. Which wouldn't, I assume, go down well with your Fleet-Marshal Stabb – would it now?

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY BLEEPING OF COMMUNICATOR)

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) Corporal Clun hailing Sergeant Mezz! Sergeant Mezz, come in, please!

TEGAN:
Hadn't you better get that?

THURR:
Go ahead, Sergeant.

MEZZ:
Receiving you, Corporal Clun. Demanding status update.

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) Status update: We have captured a female humanoid, sir!

TEGAN:
(ASIDE) Doctor, that must be Nyssa!

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE) Quite possibly.

THURR:
Not another one!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 19: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

MEZZ:
(VIA COMMS) Female humanoid, confirmed. Is it mocking you, at all?

CLUN:
No, sir, it is not mocking! It is diseased, sir!

MEZZ:
(VIA COMMS) Diseased? Diseased how?

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 20: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) There was a male humanoid accompanying it, also, but it ran away!

TEGAN:
(ASIDE) Yeah, no prizes for guessing who.

DOCTOR:
(CONCERNED) What did he mean, 'diseased'?

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) I have sent Troopers Vend and Nold to capture the rogue male, sir!

MEZZ:
One moment, Corporal! (TO THURR) What should I say, Field-Major?

THURR:
Tell him to bring the diseased female here. We shall interrogate all three!

DOCTOR:
And the rogue male?

TEGAN:
(CALLOUS) What about him?

THURR:
Another of your platoon, is that so? He is attempting to evade capture. (TO MEZZ) Tell the Corporal – as soon as he is sighted, blast him to plasma!

MEZZ:
Yes, sir! [Corporal Clun, Corporal Clun. Your orders are this: bring the diseased female here. The male must be blasted to plasma. Repeat, blasted to plasma!]

(FX: OVER THIS:)

TEGAN:
(SOTTO) One question, Doctor. These Sontarans of yours: are they always this stupid?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) No, actually, Tegan. (THOUGHTFUL, TO SELF) Actually, no…

SCENE 21: INT. COURTYARD WEST

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. VEND STOMPING HEAVILY. COMMUNICATOR BURBLES)

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) Hailing Trooper Vend. Trooper Vend, this is Corporal Clun. Come in, please.

VEND:
(STOMPING) Trooper Vend, receiving.

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) State your location, Trooper.

VEND:
(STOMPING) Entering courtyard west in pursuit of male humanoidling. — (STOPS BRIEFLY) Wait! Wait, I see him! (STOMPING ON) Male humanoidling! Halt, or be blasted to plasma!

TURLOUGH:
(OFF) I have halted — see?

VEND:
(INTO COMMS) Humanoidling appears to have reached the edge of a crack in the floor. He is trapped, he cannot pass!

TURLOUGH:
(OFF) Listen to me — some idiot's smashed a hole in the ground, it's riddled with cracks. If you carry on stomping like that, it's going to give way completely, and we'll both find ourselves plummetting to our certain deaths! So please, please — *you* halt!

(FX: VEND STOPS)

(BEAT)

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) Trooper Vend? Trooper Vend, report status.

VEND:
The ground is heavily cracked. Humanoidling claims it is not safe to proceed.

CLUN:
(VIA COMMS) Not safe for him, Vend! Blast [him to plasma!] (FX: COMMS BEGIN FLICKERING — TRANSMISSION BREAKING UP)

VEND:
Communications impaired. Confirm orders, Colonel.

(FX: OMINOUS CRUNKS FROM GROUND, AS IN SCENE 8)

TURLOUGH:
(OFF, HORRIFIED) Oh, no. It's breaking up!

VEND:
(TO TURLOUGH) I know that, it is just a signal fluctuation.
(INTO COMMS) Corporal Clun. Confirm orders, please —

TURLOUGH:
(OFF) Not that, you cretin — the ground! The ground is breaking up!

CLUN:
(FX: FLICKERY COMMS) Repeat that, Trooper Vend?

VEND:
He says, the ground is [breaking up —]

(FX: CRIES OUT AS THE GROUND GIVES WAY COMPLETELY. VEND AND TURLOUGH PLUMMETTING DOWN INTO CREVASSE)

TURLOUGH/VEND:
(CRY OUT, FALLING)

SCENE 22: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

THURR:
This business about Fleet-Marshal Stabb's orders. What do you think, Sergeant?

MEZZ:
I am only a Sergeant, sir. I leave the thinking to you.

THURR:
True, true.

MEZZ:
But perhaps you would be well-advised to recover the Fleet-Marshal's orders from the main ship.

THURR:
You do not believe that my orders concern this Doctor and his company, then?

MEZZ:
I believe only in the glory of Sontar, sir.

THURR:
Ah, yes. The glory of Sontar!

MEZZ:
But I would remind you that the Fleet-Marshal does not tolerate incompetence. He once had every tenth member of an entire division boiled down to make a fabric lining for his tuniform, just for square-bashing in an unfavourable direction.

THURR:
Right. Right.

MEZZ:
Left it was, I believe, sir.

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Excuse me, Field-Major? I have a proposition.

THURR:
You seek permission to speak?

TEGAN:
Obviously.

THURR:
Not you. The male may speak!

TEGAN:
What, I don't have permission? Figures – there's something kind of piggy about you, guess the male chauvinism comes as part of the deal…

THURR:
(TO MEZZ) Sergeant – is she mocking us again?

TEGAN:
It's not mockery, it's satire. World of difference.

THURR:
What is this 'satire'? Sontarans do not recognise 'satire'!

TEGAN:
(SOTTO) Never a truer word spoken.

DOCTOR:
Yes, Tegan, if *I* might have permission to speak?

TEGAN:
Be my guest.

DOCTOR:
Thank you. (TO THURR) I've been thinking, Field-Major. Your communicators – they're powered by organic crystallography, is that correct?

THURR:
That is correct.

DOCTOR:
So each contains one small organic crystal, with a limited range of just fifty kilometres or so. But if one were to bring all six of those crystals together, their range could be boosted arithmetically.

TEGAN:
This is relevant, how?

DOCTOR:
Well, because all six crystals together would have a functioning range of fifty to the power of six kilometres.

TEGAN:
That's, what – fifteen billion kays?

DOCTOR:
Fifteen billion, six hundred and twenty-five million, in fact.

TEGAN:
Show-off.

DOCTOR:
Sorry. (TO THURR) But the point is, well within reach of listening posts on Sontar.

THURR:
(CLUELESS) This means… this means what, exactly?

JORR:
Permission to speak, sir!

THURR:
Trooper Jorr. Permission granted.

JORR:
It means, sir, that you could call up Sontar to establish the precise nature of your orders!

MEZZ:
… and determine whether or not we are in fact required to execute this 'Doctor', yes!

DOCTOR:
Well, I suppose so. —

THURR:
Or if we are to torture him first.

DOCTOR:
Yes. —

MEZZ:
Or torture him, dissect him, export his living brain from his cranium and transport it back to Sontar for study.

DOCTOR:
Possibly. —

JORR:
… but not before executing his remains and burying them somewhere in this dismal hole.

DOCTOR:
As I say, very possibly.

TEGAN:
(SOTTO) Doctor, you must have a kangaroo loose in the top paddock if you're really gonna help these creeps!

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) "A kangaroo loose in the-"? Oh, I see. No. But I do have a plan.

SCENE 23: INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

(FX: QUICK FADE UP. FALLEN MASONRY REARRANGED AS VEND HAULS HIMSELF UP TO HIS FEET)

VEND:
(SPLUTTERING) I'm alive. By Linx, I'm alive!

TURLOUGH:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) No need to crow about it. It was you caused us to be stuck down here in the first place.

VEND:
The humanoidling. My orders! (BEAT; SEARCHING FOR GUN) But where is my… [weapon?]

TURLOUGH:
Looking for this?

VEND:
That sidearm is the property of the Sontaran Empire! Give it back!

TURLOUGH:
(TOSSING GUN) Here. For all the good it'll do you. The battery pack was crushed in the fall.

VEND:
How do you know?

TURLOUGH:
I was going to shoot you with it while you were unconscious. But then I thought better of it. (BEAT) Look, fair's fair, you wanted to 'blast me to plasma'!

VEND:
Where are we?

TURLOUGH:
(MOVING AROUND, EXPLORING SURROUNDINGS) I'm not sure. Some sort of subterranean warren. Makes me think of Heiradi.

VEND:
What is Heiradi?

TURLOUGH:
Before your time. Or after, it doesn't matter. (FX: SCRABBLING ROCK) Over here. I think there might be a way through.

VEND:
(COMING OVER) To the surface?

TURLOUGH:
You do realise we fell ten storeys? It was only this moss saved us from breaking our necks. Not that you've got much of a neck to break. (BEAT; EXCITEDLY) Yes, look – there's a passage!

VEND:
But… it leads deeper underground.

TURLOUGH:
Well, we're going nowhere at present.

VEND:
Besides, the way is blocked.

TURLOUGH:
(MAKING EFFORT TO SHIFT RUBBLE) Then help me shift the rocks.

(FX: SHIFTING RUBBLE)

VEND:
I must… I must report to my Corporal. (BEAT) My communicator. It has gone!

TURLOUGH:
(STILL SHIFTING ROCKS) Yes, I took that off you, too.

VEND:
It was also crushed?

TURLOUGH:
(STILL SHIFTING ROCKS) No, I smashed it.

VEND:
Why?

TURLOUGH:
(STILL SHIFTING ROCKS) To stop you calling your friends for help, obviously.

VEND:
Why?

TURLOUGH:
(STOPPING) Because they'd only have killed me! (BEAT) Try to understand. I want to get out of here, but I can't shift this rubble alone, and I doubt that you can either. Either we join forces, or we die.

VEND:
Then I would rather die!

TURLOUGH:
(SIGHS) Fine. Fine! We'll just sit here and stare one another to death, shall we?

VEND:
You do not understand. Consorting with the enemy is a capital offence!

TURLOUGH:
I won't tell if you don't, Sontaran.

VEND:
My name is Trooper Vend.

TURLOUGH:
Mine's Turlough. Do we have a deal, Trooper Vend?

VEND:
I… cannot. It would be different if you were my prisoner.

TURLOUGH:
Alright, then. If it matters that much to you, I am your prisoner. Now do we have a deal?

VEND:
If you are my prisoner… yes, Turlough.

TURLOUGH:
Fine. The prisoner says: shifting this lot is murder on my hands. You take over.

VEND:
But — what will you be doing?

TURLOUGH:
I'll be taking a breather. Shout out when you're done.

SCENE 24: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

CLUN:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Field-Major! Field-Major!

THURR:
Ah, Corporal Clun.

MEZZ:
And the diseased female.

TEGAN:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Nyssa!

NYSSA:
I am not [diseased!] (DUMPED ON GROUND)

DOCTOR:
(JOINING NYSSA) Nyssa, are you alright?

NYSSA:
(WINCING) … nor am I a sack of potatoes.

CLUN:
'Potatoes'?

DOCTOR:
Starchy root vegetables, common on Earth.

TEGAN:
(CLICKING FINGERS) I knew there was something these guys reminded me of!

DOCTOR & NYSSA:
(REPROACHFULLY) Tegan!

TEGAN:
Pardon me for breathing.

DOCTOR:
(TO NYSSA) Show me the infection site, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
(ROLLING UP SLEEVE) Originally… here. But it's moving.

DOCTOR:
Moving?!?

NYSSA:
Curious, isn't it? Whatever this 'moss' is, it shows a rudimentary intelligence. My extremities are of no interest to it, it's my organs it wants.

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid so.

NYSSA:
Fascinating, nonetheless. In other circumstances, it'd make an ideal subject for study.

TEGAN:
It's killing you, and you want to write an essay on it?!?

DOCTOR:
Yes, well – never mind that now, Nyssa. We need to get you to the TARDIS.

NYSSA:
That may be a problem.

TEGAN:
We're working on it. (SOTTO) Between us, these Sontarans are a few chips short of the full fish supper. The Doctor's been running rings around them –

NYSSA:
You don't understand. The moss has got to the TARDIS!

THURR:
(STOMPING FORWARD) That's enough talking! Doctor, you shall begin work on your transmitter!

MEZZ:
Corporal Clun – surrender your comms unit.

CLUN:
Immediately, Sergeant Mezz, sir! (FX: HIS COMMS UNIT BURSTS INTO LIFE)

NOLD:
(VIA COMMS) (FRANTIC CLICKS AND GARGLES, WHILE RUNNING: "URGENT, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!")

DOCTOR:
It's damaged, by the sounds of it.

CLUN:
No, it is only Trooper Nold. (INTO COMMS) Trooper Nold, this is Corporal Clun! Repeat message!

NOLD:
(VIA COMMS) (SCREAMS – KILLED BY A BLADED WEAPON)

THURR:
Give me that. — (INTO COMMS) Nold! Trooper Nold!

(FX: EMPTY STATIC OVER COMMS)

TEGAN:
Well, that didn't sound good.

MEZZ:
It's dead, sir. As, I presume, is Trooper [Nold —]

WITCH GUARD (USING NOLD'S VOICE):
(VIA COMMS) (A SHORT, THROATY, SINISTER LAUGH)

THURR:
Trooper?

(FX: BUT THERE'S ONLY STATIC)

TEGAN:
What was that?!?

THURR:
It is clear enough. The fugitive male humanoid has killed Trooper Nold.

TEGAN:
You mean, Turlough?!?

MEZZ:
Who else could it have been?

CLUN:
Permission to [speak —]

THURR:
Denied!

DOCTOR:
Field-Major. I promise you, whoever or whatever it was assaulted your Trooper, it was not our friend Turlough.

MEZZ:
I suppose you're about to tell us your friend would not kill?

TEGAN:
No, just that he wouldn't take on a heavily-armed Sontaran trooper if he could find a dark corner to hide in, instead.

DOCTOR:
Turlough does have a highly-developed sense of self-preservation, that much is true.

TEGAN:
Yeah, and a yellow belly.

THURR:
(FRUSTRATED) The transmitter, Doctor! Or I shall kill your diseased female friend!

DOCTOR:
The transmitter, yes. If I might have Corporal Clun's comms unit? (TAKES COMMS) Thank you.

CLUN:
(TO THURR) Not much of a threat, killing the infected one, sir. Agent Zed oblique stroke zero zero two will finish her soon enough.

THURR:
Yes, yes, I do believe you're right, Corporal — (DOUBLE-TAKE) Agent what?!?

NYSSA:
(FROM OFF) I was about to ask the same!

MEZZ:
Do you know what this moss is, Corporal Clun?

CLUN:
Agent Zed oblique stroke zero zero two? It is what we carpet-bombed the planet with, twenty years ago, sir.

DOCTOR:
It's a Sontaran weapon?!?

CLUN:
That is why we Sontarans are immune to its effects.

THURR:
How do you know this, Corporal?

CLUN:
I asked permission to speak, sir, and you denied me, sir!

MEZZ:
Just answer the question.

CLUN:
Because I was here, sir. Twenty years ago. At the time of the assault on Samur! I was little more than a cloneling then…

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 25: EXT. PRECINCT ON SAMUR (FLASHBACK)

(FX: SOUNDS OF BATTLE: SEVERAL BATTERIES OF PLASMA GUNS FIRING AT OPPONENTS, OFF)

CLUN:
(V/O) It was a standard conquest pattern. Suppress the population, claim the planet, move on to the next. But they were waiting.

DOCTOR:
(V/O) The Samurians?

CLUN:
(V/O) No. The Witch Guard.

YOUNG CLUN:
(RUNNING UP) Commander! Commander! The ninth division is surrounded!

YOUNG STABB:
(WE DON'T IDENTIFY HIM YET) By how many, Trooper Clun?

YOUNG CLUN:
Two, sir!

YOUNG STABB:
Then the ninth division shall know the honour of dying for the glory of Sontar!

SCENE 26: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

THURR:
What was this — 'Witch Guard'?

CLUN:
Alien mercenaries, Field-Major, hired by the Samurians to help defend their Citadel! Swordsmen!

MEZZ:
Swords?

THURR:
Against the military might of the Sontaran muster?

CLUN:
You did not see them, sir! Their blades deflected our weapons, turned our power back on itself!

DOCTOR:
Might I ask — how many of these 'Witch Guards' were there?

CLUN:
They numbered seven.

MEZZ:
Seven armies?

CLUN:
No. —

THURR:
Seven regiments?

CLUN:
No. —

MEZZ:
Seven divisions?

CLUN:
Seven. They numbered just seven!

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 27: EXT. PRECINCT ON SAMUR (FLASHBACK)

(FX: GUNS FIRING, AS BEFORE)

YOUNG STABB:
(CALLING OFF) Cease firing! Cease firing!!!

(FX: GUNS FALL SILENT)

CLUN:
(V/O) I only saw the one of them, when my Commander silenced our guns. On it came, advancing towards us, its blades trailing rivers of green Sontaran blood…

WITCH GUARD:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) (THROATY LAUGH, AS BEFORE)

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, ITS SWORDS ARE SCRAPING AGAINST STONE AS IT APPROACHES. A REAL NAILS-ON-BLACKBOARD SOUND. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

YOUNG CLUN:
(TO YOUNG STABB) It is only one man! Let me take it, Commander. I can take it!

YOUNG STABB:
Brave Trooper, you have seen what its magic can do. It is — unworldly. Unworthy of our fire!

YOUNG CLUN:
But fire is all we have, Commander!

YOUNG STABB:
No, Trooper Clun. We have our wits also! (INTO COMMS) Orbital command, do you have a fix on the enemy?

ORBITAL COMMAND:
(VIA COMMS) Confirmed, Commander!

YOUNG STABB:
Then activate tractor beam — now!!!

(FX: FROM THE SKY, A THROBBING PULSE OF ENERGY)

WITCH GUARD:
(STRUCK BY ENERGY) (SHRIEKS)

YOUNG STABB:
It is captured. Take it up!

(FX: STILL SHRIEKING, THE WITCH GUARD IS DRAGGED AWAY, INTO THE SKY. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 28: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

THURR:
This is not credible. Seven swordsmen could not defeat a Sontaran army on the march!

DOCTOR:
Seven ordinary swordsmen, no.

TEGAN:
But magical swordsmen?

THURR:
You do not believe in magic, Doctor, any more than I do!

DOCTOR:
Your Corporal does, evidently. I find that… intriguing.

CLUN:
I saw what I saw.

NYSSA:
(FROM OFF) This is all very well, but — the biological agent?!?

DOCTOR:
Of course. Agent Zed oblique stroke zero zero two. —

TEGAN:
Yeah, where does that fit in?

CLUN:
The Commander waited until six Sontaran divisions had died, slain at the hands of the six swordsmen remaining.

THURR:
Ah, yes. To satisfy honour.

CLUN:
Only then did he give the order, to release the agent.

DOCTOR:
(PAINED) So you bombarded a peaceful planet.

THURR:
A planet hosting an enemy that had slaughtered six Sontaran divisions!

TEGAN:
But — where were the people? The Samurians?

NYSSA:
Exactly where they are now. All around. In the courtyards, in the wall-holes, on the floors.

TEGAN:
You mean – this agent turned them into moss?!?

THURR:
And the six remaining Witch Guards too.

CLUN:
Perhaps.

DOCTOR:
That's what you thought you heard, isn't it, Corporal?

TEGAN:
Over the comms. Killing Trooper Nold!

CLUN:
I saw what I saw. I heard what I heard. I know what I know.

TEGAN:
You're saying this planet is haunted, on top of everything else?

THURR:
That is absurd! Corporal Clun, relieve Trooper Jorr on patrol.

CLUN:
Sir?!?

THURR:
Repeat these allegations once more, and I shall presume you to be mentally unstable – and issue you with a coronic acid pill, with which to euthanise yourself!

CLUN:
(SALUTING) Yes, sir, Field-Major, sir! (EXITS)

TEGAN:
Absurd or not, Field-Major – it seems to me, the ghosts are coming for *you*.

THURR:
Sergeant Mezz! … You wished to retrieve the orders you left behind in the main ship. Take Tegan Jovanka, and proceed to the crash site!

MEZZ:
Me, sir?

THURR:
Are you questioning my orders, Mezz?

TEGAN:
Scared of the ghosts, more like.

MEZZ:
No, sir. Of course not, sir. But — the female will be an encumbrance, sir. You've seen what she's like. Difficult.

TEGAN:
(OUTRAGED) 'Difficult'?!?

THURR:
I mean, should you encounter any… anti-Sontaran element, such as the fugitive male —

TEGAN:
… or the killer ghosts —

THURR:
… you can use her as a hostage, or a human shield!

TEGAN:
A what?!?

DOCTOR:
Tegan. Tegan. A word, if I may? (SOTTO) You heard what the Corporal said, about the Sontarans having an immunity to this biological agent of theirs.

TEGAN:
Right.

DOCTOR:
The main ship should contain a nutrient bath, to regrow damage done to clones in the field.

TEGAN:
I'm supposed to just keep up, am I?

DOCTOR:
That bath would have to contain booster shots. A cocktail of inoculations, against their own bacterial and chemical weapons.

TEGAN:
What, and you want to give that to Nyssa? She's not a Sontaran, who's to say their drugs won't kill her?

NYSSA:
Doubtless the full cocktail would. But if I can isolate the antigen that works on this particular agent…

TEGAN:
You'd take it? Well, it's your funeral.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Hopefully not.

SCENE 29: INT. OTHER SIDE OF UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

VEND:
(FX: BEHIND ROCK BARRIER) (EFFORT – CHARGING ROCKS WITH SHOULDER)

(FX: ROCKFALL)

(BEAT)

VEND:
Prisoner Turlough! The way is clear!

TURLOUGH:
(JUST BEHIND) Let's see. (BEAT) Good job, Trooper. Passageway left, or passageway right?

VEND:
… Left. But you go first.

TURLOUGH:
It's dark down there!

VEND:
Not as dark as the right. You first!

TURLOUGH:
I'm curious, Vend. Do you feel a sort of churning sensation in your gut?

VEND:
'Churning'?

TURLOUGH:
Perhaps a little light-headedness, caused by the heart beating so fast it's draining the blood from the brain? Oh, and the jelly legs, too.

VEND:
Is there… a name for these symptoms?

TURLOUGH:
It's called 'fear'. I'm a martyr to it, personally. I suspect I'm not alone in that…

VEND:
Are you calling me a coward?

TURLOUGH:
No, I'm calling you a fellow sufferer.

(BEAT)

VEND:
Oh, I am a disgrace to Sontar!

TURLOUGH:
“He who turns and runs away, lives to fight another day.” A maxim I try to live by.

VEND:
I have often thought of admitting to these… natural impulses. But now, with no weapons, and nowhere to run to…

TURLOUGH:
Grim, isn’t it? But look on the bright side. So far as I’m aware, the planet’s completely devoid of life. It’s not like there’s anything hostile down here, [is there —]

WITCH GUARD:
(OFF, FROM LEFT) (THROATY LAUGH)

(BEAT)

VEND:
That came from the left.

TURLOUGH:
Yes, I was rather hoping I’d imagined it.

SCENE 30: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

(FX: SHORT BURST FROM SONTARAN WEAPON. CUTS OFF)

DOCTOR:
A little more, if you wouldn't mind, Trooper Jorr.

JORR:
We must preserve our power packs!

DOCTOR:
Nonetheless, Nyssa is only human. Well, a Trakenite. And with night falling, heating these stones is the only way we have to keep her warm.

JORR:
It is true. This dismal hole grows more dismal by the minute.

(FX: ANOTHER, LONGER BURST FROM JORR'S WEAPON. CUTS OFF)

NYSSA:
Thank you, Jorr.

JORR:
Work, Doctor. You must work!

DOCTOR:
Of course. (FX: JORR STOMPS OFF)

NYSSA:
How's it going? Building your transmitter?

DOCTOR:
(FIDDLING WITH COLLECTION OF ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS THROUGH:) About as well as can be expected, given the failing light, the cold in my fingers and the fact that my only tool… is a pen-knife. — (NICKS HIMSELF) Ow!

NYSSA:
Cut yourself?

DOCTOR:
Just a scratch.

NYSSA:
Will the range be sufficient? With only four communicators?

DOCTOR:
(RESUMES TINKERING) Four should be enough for what I have in mind. But I shan't be telling the Field-Major that. See if we can't buy Tegan a little more time, to find that antigen…

SCENE 31: INT. PIT LEADING TO CRASH SITE

TEGAN:
(CALLING BEHIND) I think I see the ship! Just a few more levels down!

MEZZ:
(FX: TREADING OVER RUBBLE) Wait, Tegan Jovanka. The terrain is treacherous.

TEGAN:
I'm the one wearing heels, Sergeant!

MEZZ:
The ship impacted through many courtyards. The masonry is inferior. The damage is extensive.

TEGAN:
(FX: WALKS ON) Then mind your step, but get a move on —
(STUMBLES OVER DEAD BODY; CRACKING SOUNDS) Aah!

MEZZ:
(CATCHING UP) I told you, proceed with caution. —

TEGAN:
Yeah, only I wasn't expecting to tread on a corpse.

MEZZ:
Show me. (FX: ROLLS BODY OVER) It is Pilot Bekk.

TEGAN:
You sure? Looks like he's been dismembered, then — I don't know, freeze-dried or something. All the juice sucked out of him.

MEZZ:
He died in the crash. Death in the field is certain for a Sontaran. It does not concern us. Proceed.

TEGAN:
You're not thinking, Sergeant. Are you telling me that when your ship crashed, this Pilot Bekk was flung fifty feet in the air, in pieces, only for all of those pieces to land together here?

MEZZ:
Proceed!

TEGAN:
He wasn't dead. He can't have been! He survived the crash. He climbed out of the crater. Only when he climbed out — something carved him up, then reduced him to an empty husk.

MEZZ:
The fugitive male. Your friend. He was responsible.

TEGAN:
Turlough? He'd pass out if he pricked his finger on a nail. It was a sword did this! (BEAT) You're thinking what I'm thinking, Mezz. I know you are.

MEZZ:
Corporal Clun is deranged by age. There are no Witch Guards! No ghosts with swords!

SCENE 32: INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

WITCH GUARD:
(LAUGHS AGAIN, APPROACHING)

VEND:
I shall go first. To the right.

TURLOUGH:
Actually, I think I'll go first. If it's all the same to you, Trooper Vend.

(FX: SCRAPING OF BLADES ON METAL, OFF)

VEND:
Do you see it, Prisoner Turlough? In the darkness?

TURLOUGH:
No. It's too dark down there to see anything.

VEND:
But does it not seem to you like the darkness itself is alive?

TURLOUGH:
You're seeing things. Fear will do that.

VEND:
I am not afraid!

(FX: SCRAPE OF STONE ON METAL OFF)

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(DISTANT, APPROACHING) The blood of the Seven must be paid…

VEND:
There, see – the darkness, it *is* moving! It *is* alive!

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(NEARER) Seven sacrifices must be made…

TURLOUGH:
I seem to be sharing your delusion.

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(NEARER) Before the curse is lifted.

TURLOUGH:
Whatever it is… it's real. And it's coming. *Run!!!* (FX: VEND & TURLOUGH RUN)

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(SINISTER LAUGH) **END OF PART TWO**

PART THREE

REPRISE:

(FX: SCRAPE OF STONE ON METAL OFF)

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(DISTANT, APPROACHING) The blood of the Seven must be paid…

VEND:
There, see – the darkness, it is moving! It is alive!

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(NEARER) Seven sacrifices must be made…

TURLOUGH:
I seem to be sharing your delusion.

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(NEARER) Before the curse is lifted.

TURLOUGH:
Whatever it is… it's real. And it's coming. Run!!! (FX: VEND & TURLOUGH RUN)

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(SINISTER LAUGH)

SCENE 33: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

(FX: THURR STOMPING OVER THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
(FINISHES WIRING) There, that should do it.

THURR:
Your transmitter, Doctor. Is it finished?

DOCTOR:
Ah, Field-Major Thurr. As much as it can be, until Tegan and Sergeant Mezz return with more communicators.

NYSSA:
That's if the 'anti-Sontaran elements' don't get them first.

THURR:
There are no ghosts here!

NYSSA:
I didn't say there were.

DOCTOR:
Aren't you just a little bit intrigued, Field-Major? By this Witch Guard business?

THURR:
(THINKS A MOMENT, THEN:) … No. (FX: STOMPS OFF)

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) … No. No, I don't suppose you are.

NYSSA:
I think the Field-Major must be a very average Sontaran. If he can't shout at it, or blow it up, he denies its existence.

DOCTOR:
True. But if Corporal Clun is to be believed, these Witch Guards were real enough once.

CLUN:
(FROM BEHIND THEM) The Guards were real. Their curse was, too.

DOCTOR:
Corporal Clun. (THAT'S ODD) You startled me.

CLUN:
I apologise.

DOCTOR:
No, I mean – sneaking up like that. Sontarans aren't noted for their stealth.

CLUN:
You don't last thirty-five years in the Sontaran service without learning a trick or two. Doctor.

DOCTOR:
No. No, I don't suppose you do.

CLUN:
We know you, Doctor. You are many. The stories about you are legion.

DOCTOR:
I get around.

NYSSA:
'Curse'. He said 'curse'.

DOCTOR:
(TO CLUN) Yes, you did, Corporal. What curse?

SCENE 34: INT. IMPACT CRATER — OUTSIDE CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN:
(WALKING TO STOP) Well, here we are. Your crashed ship. Looks like a giant disco ball.

MEZZ:
You will go first, Tegan Jovanka.

TEGAN:
In case some supernatural sword-wielding maniac's waiting inside, I suppose.

MEZZ:
You wish to goad me into going first.

TEGAN:
Man up, Sergeant. Get in there. —

MEZZ:
'Man… up'?

(FX: A COMMOTION, OFF; TURLOUGH AND VEND ENTERING CRATER)

TURLOUGH:
(OFF) Come on, you lumbering idiot! Run!

VEND:
(OFF) The ship! Prisoner Turlough, we can hide in the ship!

TEGAN:
I don't believe it.

MEZZ:
Nor do I. (BELLOWED) Trooper Vend!

VEND:
(SLIGHTLY OFF, STOPPING SHORT) Sergeant Mezz, sir!

TURLOUGH:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) You're stopping to salute?!? Who are you more afraid of?

TEGAN:
(CALLING) Turlough!

TURLOUGH:
(TO SELF) Now her, I'm afraid of. (ALOUD, STEPPING FORWARD) Tegan. We have to get out of here. It's right behind us!

TEGAN:
What is?

WITCH GUARD:
(LAUGHS MENACINGLY, OFF)

TURLOUGH:
In the darkness behind. It *is* the darkness behind!

VEND:
Prisoner Turlough is correct, sir. It's coming for us!

MEZZ:
You said 'hide', Trooper. 'Hide' is not a word used by a true Sontaran!

TURLOUGH:
With respect — Sergeant? — the time to consider what does and what does not consitute a true Sontaran is not here, not now!

TEGAN:
Not with a supernatural sword-wielding maniac on our tail!

TURLOUGH:
Is that what it is?

TEGAN:
Seems like it.

TURLOUGH:
Today just gets better and better.

SCENE 35: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

CLUN:
The curse is Troopers' talk. Battlefield grunt!

DOCTOR:
Well, the Field-Major isn't listening.

NYSSA:
You can tell us, Corporal. No-one will know.

CLUN:
The planet Samur marks the point of our great Empire's furthest incursion into Rutan space. But ever since the conquest of Samur, the Empire has concentrated its resources… further back in the Madeleine Cluster.

DOCTOR:
They've retreated. Or 'consolidated their forces', I should say.

NYSSA:
Spoken like a true Sontaran.

CLUN:
Consolidation has followed consolidation. Withdrawal has followed withdrawal.

NYSSA:
Defeat, after defeat, after defeat.

CLUN:
But I was there, twenty years ago. When my Commander ordered one hundred canisters of Agent Zed oblique stroke zero zero two exploded in the troposphere, and planet Samur bloomed purple, and the Witch Guard he'd captured —

DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) You mean, the one you caught in a tractor beam?

CLUN:
… When the Witch Guard saw, he looked the Commander in the eye, and he said — I shall never forget it — he said:

DOCTOR:
Go on. —

CLUN/WITCH GUARD:
(FX: FADE UP WITCH GUARD RENDITION UNDER CLUN'S SPEECH, BUT SPOKEN EXACTLY IN TIME) For this crime, your forces will know only defeat. The blood of the Seven must be paid. Seven sacrifices must be made. Before the curse is lifted. Seven of your [finest sons —]

THURR:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Corporal Clun — is it time you took that acid pill?!?

DOCTOR:
Field-Major. You should listen to what the Corporal has to say, it's really rather interesting —

THURR:
… Why have you deserted your post?

CLUN:
I have been relieved, Field-Major. By Trooper Jorr.

THURR:
Jorr. Yes. —

CLUN:
One hours' patrol before relief. Standing orders in the field, Field-Major, sir!

THURR:
That is correct.

CLUN:
… and now, I am guarding the prisoners!

THURR:
Good, good. Well — carry on, Corporal.

CLUN:
(TO DOCTOR & NYSSA) Alien prisoners — as you were!

NYSSA:
We're going nowhere, are we, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
It would appear not.

SCENE 36: INT. IMPACT CRATER – OUTSIDE CRASHED SHIP

(FX: OFF, BLADE SCRAPING ON STONE,ADVANCING THROUGH:)

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(OFF) The blood of the Seven must be paid. Seven sacrifices must be made.

VEND:
Sacrifices?

MEZZ:
Ignore it, Trooper Vend! Raise your blaster and stand your ground!

VEND:
But – I do not have my blaster, Sergeant!

TURLOUGH:
I smashed it. (DEFENSIVELY) It was a good idea at the time, alright?

TEGAN:
This ship of yours, Sergeant. Does it carry weapons?

MEZZ:
In the armoury, yes.

TURLOUGH:
Well, why didn't you say so?

TEGAN:
You've got the gun, Sergeant, you wait here. Hold that whatever-it-is off!

MEZZ:
But – the whatever-it-is, we cannot see it for the dark!

TEGAN:
Then take a shot in the dark!

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(NEARER) Seven of your finest sons. Brought to us for slaughter. Soon. Soon. Soon! (LAUGHS)

MEZZ:
It seems I must – 'Sontaran up'.

TEGAN:
That's more like it. Turlough, the idiot Trooper – get in! (FX: FOLLOW TURLOUGH, VEND AND TEGAN AS THEY PILE INTO SHIP. CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 37: INT. CRASHED SHIP (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: DOOR RELEASE. SPARKING CABLES. WALKING ON RENT METAL)

TEGAN:
Grief, what a mess! No way this crate's gonna fly again.

TURLOUGH:
Just as well no-one's asking you to play the trolley dolly.

TEGAN:
Excuse me?!?

TURLOUGH:
Vend! Arms?

VEND:
This compartment. — (FX: ANOTHER DOOR RELEASE)

TURLOUGH:
Thank you. —

TEGAN:
(STOPPING HIM) No, wait! … That moss has got in there.

TURLOUGH:
Better and better and better.

TEGAN:
Only, our Sontaran friends are immune to it. Vend — fetch!

VEND:
What should I take?

TEGAN:
The biggest gun you've got, obviously! (FX: VEND STOMPS INTO COMPARTMENT) Turlough — there's a bath in here somewhere.

TURLOUGH:
I hardly think that now's the time.

TEGAN:
A nutrient bath, the Doctor said. Remember him?

TURLOUGH:
Yes. —

TEGAN:
We need a sample from that bath. For Nyssa. Remember her?

TURLOUGH:
I do consider more than my own skin, sometimes.

TEGAN:
I'm very glad to hear it. (ALOUD) Vend! *Vend!* Where's the bath?

VEND:
(OFF) What… bath?

TURLOUGH:
Some sort of nutrient bath?

VEND:
(REAPPEARING) There is no 'nutrient bath'. (FX: KA-KLIK) This meson rifle is the heaviest ordnance we carry.

TEGAN:
Well, waving it about in here won't do us a lot of good, will it? Outside!

VEND:
(ALMOST HURT) I… do not take orders from humanoidlings.

TEGAN:
And I don't take backchat from trolls. Go!

(FX: VEND STOMPS A COUPLE OF STEPS, PAUSES)

VEND:
By nutrient bath, do you mean the replenishment tank?

TURLOUGH:
I'd have thought so, wouldn't you?

VEND:
There is a hatch in the floor. (FX: STOMPS OFF)

TURLOUGH:
Where in the floor? (CALLING AFTER) Vend, where in the floor?

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE, SOUNDS OF VEND FIRING MESON RIFLE – SEE 'THE TWO DOCTORS' FOR EFFECT. CONTINUES SPORADICALLY THROUGH:)

TEGAN:
I think he's busy.

TURLOUGH:
(FX: STAMPING ON FLOOR) There's nothing here. No hatch!

TEGAN:
That's because the ship's upside down, dummy. It isn't below, it's above.

TURLOUGH:
In the ceiling?

TEGAN:
Think. Think! You're a Sontaran engineer, where do you put the hatch controls?

TURLOUGH:
At shoulder height?

TEGAN:
(EUREKA!) Which is about six inches shorter than a human's, which would make it about… (REACHING UP) … here! Now: lever up, or lever down? … (FX: CRUNK OF LEVER) Down.

(FX: CLANG OF TRAPDOOR OPENING… DIRECTLY ABOVE TURLOUGH. SPLOSH! TURLOUGH SHOWERED BY CONTENTS OF NUTRIENT BATH)

TURLOUGH:
(DRENCHED) Urgh!

TEGAN:
(RUNNING OVER) Now what have you done?

TURLOUGH:
(FX: SLIPPING ABOUT ON FLOOR) What have *I* done?

TEGAN:
I didn't tell you to stand right beneath it!

TURLOUGH:
Eurgh, this stuff's like — oh, I don't know what it's like.

TEGAN:
Baby oil? Stay there, we need to collect a sample. (OFF, LOOKING AROUND) I'll just find something to put it in.

TURLOUGH:
Baby oil?

TEGAN:
(STILL OFF) I thought you liked looking after your skin — (FOUND SOMETHING) Ha! This'll do.

TURLOUGH:
What is it?

TEGAN:
(COMING BACK) Some sort of canister. (EFFORT) I'll just get it open —

TURLOUGH:
Trouble with the lid?

TEGAN:
I can manage. (FX: CANISTER TOP POPS AS TEGAN UNSCREWS IT) Funny, there's nothing inside. —

TURLOUGH:
Quick — give it here, before this stuff all drains away. (FX: DUCKS CANISTER IN PUDDLE; RESCREWS LID) There. Take it.

TEGAN:
(TAKING OILY CANISTER) Eurgh. I always said you were slippery, Turlough. But this takes the biscuit!

SCENE 38: INT. IMPACT CRATER – OUTSIDE CRASHED SHIP

(FX: MEZZ & VEND FIRING BLASTER & LASER CANNON RESPECTIVELY AT WITCH GUARD)

MEZZ:
Cease firing, Trooper! Cease firing!

(FX: GUNS CUT OUT)

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(APPROACHING) Seven of your finest sons./Brought to us for slaughter.

VEND:
The darkness, Sergeant. It's getting nearer!

MEZZ:
More than that. It is forming a shape.

(FX: SCRAPING OF BLADE, DRAGGED ACROSS FLOOR, AS THE WITCH GUARD, NOW CORPOREAL, APPROACHES)

VEND:
It is – a humanoidling. Not a ghost! We can kill it!

MEZZ:
No. No! Corporal Clun encountered one of these creatures once. (QUOTING CLUN) "Their blades deflected our weapons, turned Sontaran power back on itself –"

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(ALSO QUOTING CLUN) "On it came, advancing towards us, its blades trailing rivers of green Sontaran blood…"

VEND:
What do we do, Sergeant? What do we do?

MEZZ:
I – I do not [know –]

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
Now. Now. *Now.*

(FX: WHIRLING OF BLADE – STRIKES MEZZ)

MEZZ:
(SLICED) (SCREAMS)

(FX: SUCKING EFFECT, TO SUGGEST THE PLASMA BEING EXTRACTED FROM MEZZ. THEN QUICK CUT TO:)

SCENE 39: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN:
(HEARING MEZZ'S SCREAM) What was that?

TURLOUGH:
(SCRAMBLING UP) I doubt it was good news. —

VEND:
(FX: DOOR RELEASE) (CRASHING IN) Outside. The creature. —

TEGAN:
(RUSHING TO DOOR) Show me. —

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(OFF) The blood of the Seven must be paid. —

TEGAN:
It's real. Turlough, it's real! It's not just a something in the dark anymore, it's an actual — person?

VEND:
It killed him. Sergeant Mezz. Cut him down with its blades.

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
(OFF) Seven sacrifices must be made. —

TURLOUGH:
And now it's taken his voice.

TEGAN:
That must mean something. But what?

TURLOUGH:
I don't know! Vend, seal the door!

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
(OFF) Soon. Soon. [Soon.]

(FX: CUT OFF BY DOOR CLUMPING SHUT)

TEGAN:
Great. So now we're trapped!

TURLOUGH:
Well, have you got a better [idea?]

(FX: CUT OFF BY CLANG OF WITCH GUARD BLADES AGAINST HULL)

TEGAN:
It's really real. Which means it can really hack its way in!

SCENE 40: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

NYSSA:
Doctor. I feel — unwell.

DOCTOR:
Yes, well — we can depend on Tegan, Nyssa. I'm sure she won't be long.

NYSSA:
It's on my face, isn't it? The moss.

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid so, yes.

NYSSA:
Then it's targeting my brain, isn't it? And once it infects my brain — well, I won't be in any state to refine a cure, will I?

DOCTOR:
… No. But I'll be able to help.

NYSSA:
I'm twice the biochemist you are. You know that. Doctor, there's something I have to tell you…

DOCTOR:
Save your energy, Nyssa. (STANDING) You're right. Time to activate the back-up plan.

NYSSA:
The transmitter? What good will that do? It doesn't have the necessary range.

DOCTOR:
To contact Sontar, no. But we only need to reach as far the stratosphere.

NYSSA:
To do what? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
A Rutan patrol shot the Sontaran ship down, remember? I think we should tell them there were survivors.

NYSSA:
You're going to bring the Rutans here?

DOCTOR:
There's a chance we could escape in the confusion.

NYSSA:
There's a greater chance we could be killed in the crossfire!

DOCTOR:
Nevertheless, it's the only plan I've got. (FX: FLICKING SWITCHES ON TRANSMITTER) There you go, we have power. Can't say how long these batteries will last.

NYSSA:
Doctor, I hope you know what you're doing.

DOCTOR:
(INTO COMMS) Attention. Attention. This is the Doctor. —

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 41: INT. CRASHED SHIP

(FX: ANOTHER TERRIFIC CRASH AGAINST THE HULL)

TURLOUGH:
The hull can't take much more of this!

TEGAN:
What are those blades made of?

(FX: OFF, FROM COCKPIT, THE DOCTOR'S BROADCAST COMING THROUGH)

VEND:
Listen! Listen!

DOCTOR:
[Can anyone hear me?] I'm down here, on the surface of Samur, with a number of Sontarans. A whole platoon of Sontarans, in fact. [So, if anyone would like to come and get us – be my guest. We're completely unarmed and quite defenceless, by the way. Sitting ducks, really.]

TURLOUGH:
It's the Doctor. It's coming over the radio!

TEGAN:
He must have got that transmitter of his working. –

(FX: WHEREUPON THE DOCTOR'S MESSAGE DISSOLVES INTO HOWLING, PAINFUL FEEDBACK. SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE BLADES ON THE HULL STOP)

VEND:
(HOWLS IN AGONY)

TURLOUGH:
(TO TEGAN) You were saying?

(FX: FEEDBACK CROSSES INTO:)

SCENE 42: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

(FX: FEEDBACK CONTINUES)

NYSSA:
(SHOUTING OVER NOISE THROUGHOUT) Doctor, what's wrong with it?

DOCTOR:
(DITTO) I'm not sure. Feedback, I think.

NYSSA:
From where?

DOCTOR:
In the stratosphere. Or maybe in orbit!

(2 x SONTARANS STOMPING UP)

THURR:
(IN AGONY) Doc-tor…!!! What have you done…?

JORR:
(DITTO) You are… hurting us!!!

NYSSA:
The Sontarans don't seem to like it.

DOCTOR:
No. No they don't, do they?

(FX: FEEDBACK CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 43: INT. CRASHED SHIP

(FX: FEEDBACK, OFF, FROM RADIO)

VEND:
(IN AGONY) Stop the noise! Stop it!!!

TEGAN:
(SHOUTING OVER NOISE) Give me your fifle. I said – oh, never mind, I'll take it myself.

TURLOUGH:
What are you going to do?

TEGAN:
This!!!

(FX: FIRING VEND'S RIFLE. SPARKS OFF. RADIO, AND FEEDBACK, CUTS OUT)

TEGAN:
There. Perhaps we can hear ourselves think.

TURLOUGH:
It's like my ears have been boxed. I haven't felt like this since I was last inside a Brendon scrum.

VEND:
Pain…! The pain!!!

TEGAN:
Yes, well – that's nothing compared to being cut to ribbons by some mystical swordsman, which is what's about to happen to us, unless – (BREAKS OFF) Hold on. It's stopped!

TURLOUGH:
What has?

TEGAN:
The Witch Guard, or whatever it calls itself. Vend – is there a scanner in here? Can we see the outside?

VEND:
(STILL REELING) On the control board. Yellow dial.

(FX: CLICK. SCANNER FLARES INTO LIFE)

TEGAN:
There, see?

TURLOUGH:
It's gone back into the darkness.

TEGAN:
So – either we make a dash for it, and hope the Flashing Blade there doesn't reform and catch us –

TURLOUGH:
Or?

TEGAN:
Or, we take the short cut.

SCENE 44: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

(FX: FEEDBACK)

THURR:
Switch it off! Switch it off…!

NYSSA:
Doctor, you're hurting them! No: you're *killing* them!

DOCTOR:
You're quite right.

(FX: POWERS DOWN TRANSMITTER; FEEDBACK CUTS OUT)

THURR & JORR:
(CONTINUE TO GROAN)

NYSSA:
That was more than just feedback.

DOCTOR:
Yes. The signal must have bounced off something in the stratosphere.

NYSSA:
The Rutan patrol, obviously.

DOCTOR:
I doubt it. Whatever it is up there, it's keyed to the Sontaran consciousness. The feedback reverberated right into the Sontaran mid-brain. Through their probic vents at the back of their heads, most likely.

THURR:
(RECOVERING) You… you did this deliberately…

DOCTOR:
The effect was quite unintentional, Field-Major, of that I assure you. But it if there *is* something other than a Rutan patrol in orbit…

NYSSA:
They might help us!

THURR:
Trooper Jorr – destroy the Doctor!!!

JORR:
With pleasure, Field-Major, sir!!!

NYSSA:
I wouldn't do that if I were you, Trooper. Not when the Doctor can plunge you into mental agony at the flick of a switch.

DOCTOR:
Of course, yes!

THURR:
Lower your blaster, Trooper Jorr!

NYSSA:
A wise decision, Field-Major. So: it seems we have the upper hand.

THURR:
The vexatiousness of these females! Doctor, how do you bear it?

DOCTOR:
Usually, I just do as I'm told. Less painful, all round.

SCENE 45: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN:
Trooper. Trooper Vend! Snap out of it! … This ship must have forward-facing armaments, right?

VEND:
A bank of plasma cannons. Yes.

TURLOUGH:
What use are they? We're buried upside-down, remember? … (REALISATION) Oh no. You can't be serious.

TEGAN:
We use them like retros. Take the short cut, and blast this ship right out of the crater! We'll be back with the Doctor and Nyssa in no time!

TURLOUGH:
Alternatively, we blow ourselves to kingdom come. Along with half the Citadel, most likely.

TEGAN:
Come on, Turlough. Show some backbone.

TURLOUGH:
It's showing my backbone I'm afraid of! And every other part of my insides!

VEND:
Look! The scanner!

TURLOUGH:
Our Witch Guard friend is reforming.

TEGAN:
So – decision made. Which button do I press?

SCENE 46: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL (BESIDE GRAVITY SPHERE)

(FX: THURR, DOCTOR, JORR & NYSSA WALKING UP)

THURR:
… the gravity sphere, Doctor. (FX: ALL STOP) For the good it will do you.

DOCTOR:
Us, Field-Major, for the good it will do us. We're all in this together, to coin a phrase.

NYSSA:
Yes, but some of us are deeper in it than others.

DOCTOR:
Quite. (FX: DOOR RELEASE) Hmm. Cramped, but it'll do.

THURR:
You are proposing to fly this?

NYSSA:
Don't be absurd.

DOCTOR:
Actually, I am.

THURR:
Into space?

JORR:
Doomed! You're doomed!

NYSSA:
Doctor, Jorr's right. This is a short-range vessel. You'll be lucky to launch it into the stratosphere, but you'll never have the fuel to land it again.

DOCTOR:
Ah. The thing is, I'm not planning to land it.

NYSSA:
(WARNING) Doctor…

DOCTOR:
There's something up there, Nyssa, in the stratosphere. Something big, and technologically complex. Now – either we dither here and hope against hope that help arrives before you die, or I launch myself into the stratosphere and find that help.

NYSSA:
But what if you're wrong? What if there's nothing there? Or whatever it is simply — well, blasts you to plasma?

DOCTOR:
Then at least I'll have tried.

THURR:
Oh, but this is heroic stuff!

NYSSA:
It's a suicide mission!

THURR:
Like I said, heroic.

DOCTOR:
Yes, when a Sontaran calls you heroic, chances are you're doing the wrong thing. But nevertheless — (STEPPING INTO GRAVITY SPHERE)

NYSSA:
Doctor, I don't want to die alone!

DOCTOR:
(FROM INSIDE SPHERE) I won't let that happen. Now — I suggest you all clear the area. There'll be a bit of a backblast.

NYSSA:
Please, Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:
You have the transmitter, Nyssa. If the Sontarans misbehave — well, you know what to do. (BEAT) Just one more thing, Field-Major —

THURR:
What?

DOCTOR:
I can't seem to find the door control.

THURR:
Third panel, on the right.

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes. Jolly [good.]

(FX: CUT OFF BY DOOR CLUNKING SHUT)

SCENE 47: INT. CRASHED SHIP

(FX: BLADES CRASHING AGAINST HULL, LIKE BEFORE)

VEND:
Powering up plasma cannons – now.

(FX: THRUMMING FROM BOTTOM OF SHIP)

TEGAN:
On my order, Vend. Turlough, seatbelt on. And try not to whimper.

TURLOUGH:
Seatbelt? What seatbelt?

TEGAN:
No seatbelts? What kind of an airline is this?

TURLOUGH:
"Ladies and gentlemen, you're flying Certain Death Airways. Very shortly, we'll be catapulted into the air by a vast explosion, prior to reaching our destination in a million tiny pieces. But look on the bright side – at least we'll scatter your ashes for you."

TEGAN:
You're not funny.

TURLOUGH:
I'm not trying to be.

TEGAN:
A bumpy ride it is, then. But hey – I once travelled in a fried-out combi all the way from Brisbane to Perth, it can't get rockier than that. –

(FX: A FLURRY OF BATTERING ON HULL)

TURLOUGH:
That thing's breaking through!

TEGAN:
Alright, Vend. After three. –

(FX: QUICK CUT TO:)

SCENE 48: INT. GRAVITY SPHERE

(FX: POWERING-UP SOUNDS)

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) Fuel – inadequate. Oxygen – limited. Hull integrity – compromised. Right then, Doctor. After three. –

SCENE 49: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN:
Three. –

SCENE 50: INT. GRAVITY SPHERE

DOCTOR:
Three. –

SCENE 51: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN:
Two. –

SCENE 52: INT. GRAVITY SPHERE

DOCTOR:
Two. –

SCENE 53: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN:
One. –

SCENE 54: INT. GRAVITY SPHERE

DOCTOR:
One. –

SCENE 55: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN:
Fire!!!

SCENE 56: EXT. CRASHED SHIP

(FX: THE PLASMA CANNONS FIRING. BOOM! CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 57: EXT. BESIDE GRAVITY SPHERE

(FX: THE GRAVITY SPHERE LIFTING OFF)

NYSSA:
(TO SELF) Goodbye, Doctor.

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 58: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN/TURLOUGH/VEND:
(ALL SCREAMING)

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 59: EXT. BESIDE GRAVITY SPHERE

(FX: FWOMP! THE SPHERE HAS GONE)

THURR:
So farewell to the Time Lord.

JORR:
Field-Major! To the north! A shooting star!

NYSSA:
That's not a star. That's a ship!

SCENE 60: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN/TURLOUGH/VEND:
(ALL SCREAMING)

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 61: EXT. BESIDE GRAVITY SPHERE

THURR:
But – that is *my* ship!

NYSSA:
Coming straight for us! Run, you fools!

SCENE 62: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TEGAN/TURLOUGH/VEND:
(ALL SCREAMING)

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 63: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

(FX: NYSSA, THURR, JORR, ALL RUNNING. SHIP HURTLING OVERHEAD)

THURR:
Where are we running to?

NYSSA:
Anywhere that ship isn't!

JORR:
Too late. Get down!!!

SCENE 64: INT. CRASHED SHIP

TURLOUGH/VEND:
(SCREAMING)

TEGAN:
(TO SELF) On reflection, Tegan Jovanka, this may not have been one of your better ideas.

SCENE 65: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL/COURTYARD EAST

(FX: CRASH! THE SHIP HITS THE WALL. BOUNCES ONCE. THEN ROLLS. BUMPS. ROLLS. BUMPS. AND ROLLS RIGHT OFF, INTO THE COURTYARD BELOW. THUNDERING CRASH)

SCENE 66: EXT. TOP OF CITADEL WALL

THURR:
It missed us. It went over us!

NYSSA:
Into the courtyard below. I just hope Tegan and Turlough weren't inside it.

JORR:
(GETTING UP) What are your orders, Field-Major?

THURR:
Orders…? (BEAT) My orders, yes! (GETTING UP) We must retrieve my orders! Follow me, quick march!

(FX: THURR, JORR & NYSSA RACE OFF. FADE)

SCENE 67: INT. CRASHED SHIP

(FX: FADE UP. CREAKING METAL. HISSING STEAM. SPARKS ETC)

TEGAN:
(COUGHING ON DUST) It's alright, Turlough. You can open your eyes now.

TURLOUGH:
I don't want to. I don't know what I might see.

VEND:
Is there much blood?

TEGAN:
There's a bit of green on your forehead, Vend. If it is a forehead, and not just your real head. Turlough —

TURLOUGH:
I know, I know. I've lost something, haven't I?

TEGAN:
Only your dignity, you prawn. —

(FX: DOOR RELEASE)

NYSSA:
(ENTERING, OFF) Tegan? Turlough? Is that you? Are you hurt?

TURLOUGH:
Seemingly not. Rechtaht alone knows how.

TEGAN:
(SHIFTING RENT METAL, CLAMBERING THROUGH) Nyssa! Nyssa, you're still here. — (BEAT) Oh. Your face.

NYSSA:
I know. The moss has spread.

TURLOUGH:
That's horrible!

TEGAN:
Yes, thank you, Turlough. (REMEMBERING) The canister. I must have dropped that canister! (SEARCHES FOR DROPPED CANISTER OFF)

NYSSA:
You found it, then? The antigen?

TEGAN:
(OFF) Got it!

TURLOUGH:
(TO NYSSA) We did. Where's the Doctor?

NYSSA:
Somewhere in the sky, I suppose.

TURLOUGH & TEGAN:
(TOGETHER) He's dead?!?

THURR:
(STOMPING IN) Almost certainly. (ASIDE) Jorr, remain on watch!

NYSSA:
We don't know the Doctor's dead, Field-Major. (TO TEGAN & TURLOUGH) He took a gravity sphere, to look for help.

TEGAN:
Well, never fear. (HOLDING OUT CANISTER) Your antigen's here. —

NYSSA:
Oh, thank you! Thank you! —

THURR:
Ah, my orders!!! (SNATCHES CANISTER)

TEGAN:
Hey, give that back!

THURR:
(FX: UNSCREWING LID) But — the seal is broken. Who broke the seal on my orders?

TEGAN:
It was me. Look, there was nothing inside the canister. I needed something to hold the sample, that's all —

THURR:
But — it is full of nutrient!!!

TEGAN:
I told you, there was nothing inside —

THURR:
Impossible!

NYSSA:
No — don't!!!

THURR:
(HURLS CANISTER ASIDE) Bah!!!

(FX: CANISTER CLATTERS AGAINST INFRASTRUCTURE, OFF)

NYSSA:
(WAILS) No!!!

TURLOUGH:
(RUSHING OFF, TO CANISTER) It's alright, it won't have all spilled out. (STOPS. BEAT) … Oh. Actually, it has.

TEGAN:
There's more of it in the infrastructure. Turlough took a shower in it, you see —

TURLOUGH:
(RETURNING) Not on purpose!

NYSSA:
In the infrastructure, you say?

TEGAN:
Gallons of the stuff.

NYSSA:
Then it'll be contaminated. Useless. (BEAT) Was it very viscous?

TEGAN:
Yeah, like baby oil. Only more, you know, rubbery.

NYSSA:
Then that explains how this ship survived a second crash. The nutrient acted as a shock absorber.

TEGAN:
Oh, [right!]

THURR:
Quiet!!! Tegan Jovanka, you have vexed me for the final time! Trooper Vend — take this troublesome female outside!

VEND:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Yes, sir, Field-Major, sir!

TEGAN:
(GRABBED BY VEND) Get off me, pipsqueak!

NYSSA:
What are you going to do to her? Field-Major?

THURR:
You will see. Outside. March!!! Left-right, left-right, left-right… [ETC] (FX: ALL TROMP OUT)

SCENE 68: INT. GRAVITY SPHERE

(FX: FADE UP ROARING ACCELERATION, INTERNAL VIBRATION… STOPS)

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) There. I seem to have overshot the target somewhat. Might as well try the comms. — (FX: FLICKING SWITCH) (INTO COMMS) Hello. Can anyone hear me? … I'm in a Sontaran gravity sphere, in the stratosphere above Samur. A little way above the stratosphere, in fact. Floating in a most peculiar way.

(FX: ALARM BEGINS TO FART INSISTENTLY, THROUGH:)

That's an internal pressure warning, I think. Worrying. Anyway. I repeat: I'm in a Sontaran gravity sphere, but I am not, repeat not, a Sontaran. I have news for anyone interested in the Sontaran mission to Samur, but I wish to stress that I'm acting in a strictly neutral capacity. Under the terms of the Fifteenth Treaty, I, and all of my associates, should be considered non-combatants, and as such exempt from martial jurisduction. (BEAT) That's 'martial' spelled m-a-r-t-i-a-l, not the other kind. —

(FX: A 'THUNDERCRACK' AS IN SCENE 6. ELECTRICAL CRACKLES)

Ow!!! I seem to have an electrical short of some [kind]. — Ah. A Rutan scout to starboard. Awkward. —

(FX: THUNDERCRACK IN OPPOSITE SPEAKER, MORE INTERNAL SPARKS)

… and yes, there's another to port. I really should have listened to Nyssa…

SCENE 69: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

(FX: THURR & VEND MARCHING TEGAN, NYSSA & TURLOUGH TO HALT)

THURR:
(EXTREMELY BELLIGERENT) Left-right, left-right, left-right… Halt! Humanoids will line up against the wall.

TURLOUGH:
You can't make us. —

THURR:
(BELLOWING) *Humanoids will make a line!!!* Trooper Jorr, Trooper Vend — form a party!

TEGAN:
Ooh. Party.

THURR:
(INSANE WITH RAGE) A shooting party! *A firing squad!!!*

TEGAN:
What for? Regulations, remember?

THURR:
For the interception and destruction of a secret Sontaran communiqué. Sealed orders, from Fleet Marshal Stabb!

TEGAN:
I told you, there was nothing inside that canister!

THURR:
Then you admit breaking the seal?

TURLOUGH:
I was there. Honestly, there was nothing inside!

THURR:
Breaking the seal alone qualifies as espionage. And spies may be punished by summary execution! Squad: present — arms!!!

VEND:
Remain still, Prisoner Turlough. It will be quicker.

TURLOUGH:
Not with your hands shaking like that, it won't.

NYSSA:
Field-Major, you're forgetting one thing —

THURR:
I am aware that you did not break the seal, Nyssa of Traken. You are to be destroyed as an act of mercy! Galactic convention on distressed combatants — look it up!

NYSSA:
You're forgetting the transmitter! All I have to do is activate the transmitter, and you and your men will be rendered — [helpless] (BREAKS OFF) Well, where is it?

JORR:
(BRANDISHING TRANSMITTER) You are looking for *this*, Nyssa of Traken?

NYSSA:
The transmitter! How?

JORR:
You dropped it. On the Wall of No Division, when the ship came over.

TEGAN:
Well, that's helpful.

NYSSA:
Sorry. —

THURR:
Silence!!! Squad, on my command. Ready. Aim…

MEZZ:
(FROM OFF) Do you think that is wise, sir?

TEGAN:
Mezz?!? But he's —

THURR:
Sergeant Mezz, where on Sontar have you been?

MEZZ:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) The female human is telling the truth, Field-Major Thurr. The canister was empty.

THURR:
Well, how do you know that?

TEGAN:
I'm wondering much the same!

MEZZ:
The canister was empty because you had no orders, Field-Major.

THURR:
Sealed orders, Sergeant! Given to me by the Fleet-Marshal himself. You were there, with me, on Sontar!

CLUN:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) You had no orders, Field-Major, because all the Fleet Marshal needed you and your men to do, was die.

THURR:
Corporal Clun, why aren't you on patrol?

MEZZ:
The Corporal was on patrol when the Witch Guards took him, over an hour ago.

CLUN:
(FX: SWISHING SWORD) Cut him into pieces, and absorbed his essence.

THURR:
What are you talking about? And where did you get that sword?

TEGAN:
Don't you get it? He's dead. Like Sergeant Mezz is dead!

THURR:
Mezz is here! He isn't dead!

VEND:
He is, sir. I saw it. The Witch Guard killed him!

THURR:
Silence, Trooper Vend!

VEND:
Forgot to ask: permission to speak?

MEZZ:
Mezz is dead. Clun is dead. Nold and Bekk here —

NOLD:
(GARGLES OFF)

MEZZ:
… all dead.

THURR:
Nold? Bekk?

NYSSA:
It's the curse, isn't it? We should have paid more attention to the curse.

THURR:
What curse?

NYSSA:
(QUOTING) “The blood of the Seven must be paid. Seven sacrifices must be made. Before the curse is lifted.” Don’t you see?

MEZZ:
Seven of your finest sons…

CLUN:
Brought to us for slaughter.

MEZZ:
Only then will the blood-debt owed…

CLUN:
Be cancelled forever after.

(FX: SLOOPY, MYSTICAL, ‘SHAPE-CHANGING’ EFFECT)

TEGAN:
They’re changing shape! Reforming!

TURLOUGH:
Don’t you get it — *they’re* the Witch Guards!

THURR:
Changing shape? How?

WITCH GUARD (WAS MEZZ):
We absorbed Rutan scouts, when they landed here.

WITCH GUARD (WAS CLUN):
This is why they guard Samur. To prevent our leaving.

WITCH GUARD (WAS MEZZ):
We absorbed their strength. Their powers.

WITCH GUARD (WAS CLUN):
Now, we shall absorb yours.

4 x WITCH GUARDS:
Now. Now. *Now!!!*

SCENE 70: INT. GRAVITY SPHERE

(FX: THUNDERCRACK ON HULL. JUDDERING)

DOCTOR:
(INTO COMMS) Gravity sphere calling Rutan scouts. As I said, I'm not a Sontaran, I'm a Time Lord called 'the Doctor'. I think I may be known to you. —

(FX: ANOTHER CRACK, MORE SPARKS, JUDDERING)

Oof! … I realise we've not seen eye to eye in the past. Eye to visual sensory apparatus, rather. But I promise you my intentions are non-hostile, so I'd sooner you stopped firing your thunderbolts at me. —

(FX: ANOTHER ALARM BEGINS TO TOOT)

Damage now critical. That's not good. Rutan scouts — I repeat, my intentions are [non-hostile!]

(FX: DROWNED OUT BY TWO SHORT BUT LOUD EXPLOSIONS IN QUICK SUCCESSION. NEXT EP, WE'LL FIND OUT THAT THESE WERE THE TWO RUTAN SHIPS, TAKEN OUT BY MISSILES… BUT FOR NOW, LET'S SUGGEST THE DOCTOR'S BEEN BLOWN UP. SO: FADE. BEAT. CLOSING THEME)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

(FX: ANOTHER ALARM BEGINS TO TOOT)

DOCTOR:
Damage now critical. That's not good. Rutan scouts — I repeat, my intentions are [non-hostile!]

(FX: DROWNED OUT BY TWO SHORT BUT LOUD EXPLOSIONS IN QUICK SUCCESSION)

(FX: CUT TO:)

SCENE 71: INT. BRIDGE OF SONTARAN BATTLESPHERE

(FX: AMBIENCE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE CONNING TOWER OF A NUCLEAR SUB AND THE BRIDGE OF THE *USS ENTERPRISE*)

SONTARAN ADJUTANT:
(FX: WALKING UP, SALUTING) Fleet Marshal Stabb! Report: Rutan scouts attacking hijacked gravity sphere have been utterly destroyed!

STABB:
Good, Adjutant, good! And the gravity sphere? Is it intact?

SONTARAN ADJUTANT:
Caught in our tractor beam, sir!

STABB:
Then bring… (FX: THUMPS FIST ON CHAIR) … the Doctor… (FX: THUMP) … to me! (FX: THUMP)

SONTARAN:
Immediately, Fleet Marshal, sir!

(FX: SONTARAN TRACTOR BEAM EFFECT — AS HEARD IN PART TWO FLASHBACK TO SAMUR. FADE)

SCENE 72: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
The last three sacrifices, witch-kin. Destroy them! Absorb them!

THURR:
Troopers — take a humanoid each.

TEGAN:
(GRABBED BY THURR) What do you think you're playing at now, Field-Major?

THURR:
Here, Witch Guards. Three sacrifices. Take them!

TURLOUGH:
(STRUGGLING) Idiot! It's not us they want, it's you lot!

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
Seven of your finest sons./Brought to us for slaughter…

TEGAN:
'Finest sons', as if! I've never met a more useless bunch. — (BREAKS OFF) Of course, that's it!

NYSSA:
What is?

TEGAN:
Something the Doctor said. About most Sontarans not being as stupid as Napoleon here.

THURR:
Quiet, female!

TEGAN:
(SOTTO) Quiet yourself. I'm trying to save your miserable life. (TO WITCH GUARDS) Witch Guards! Listen to me! You've been sold a pup! These are not the finest sons of Sontar! The truth is, they're dispensable! The worst soldiers in the whole of the Sontaran Empire!

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
We know. The pilot with cataracts…

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
The speech-less sapper…

WITCH GUARD (was NOLD):
(GRUNTS)

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
The senile veteran, a statistical glitch who ought to have been killed in action long ago…

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
The bureaucratic Sergeant, who did all his fighting in Logistics…

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
The cowardly greenhorn…

VEND:
That is — me?

TURLOUGH:
If the cap fits…

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
The morale-sapping doom-monger…

JORR:
I always said this was a dismal hole!

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
And then, their Field-Major. The officer with the worst casualty record in the whole of the Fleet. The officer solely responsible for the fiasco of the Gloom Moons —

THURR:
No! No! My strategists were to blame for that! —

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
All of them, identified as failures, marked down for execution. But saved from the melting vats by Fleet Marshal Stabb.

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
Saved… to be sacrificed, here on Samur!

SCENE 73: INT. BRIDGE OF SONTARAN BATTLESPHERE

(FX: SLIDING DOORS)

STABB:
Bring him through, Adjutant!

DOCTOR:
(USHERED ONTO BRIDGE) Ah, yes. The heart of a Sontaran battle-sphere, I've never been so privileged. You must be – Fleet Marshal Stabb, is that right?

STABB:
Stabb the Unvanquished!

DOCTOR:
And a substantial crew, I see.

STABB:
My clones. The cream of the Sontaran Academy!

DOCTOR:
Remarkable. Now – firstly, let me just say I'm terribly grateful that you rescued me from the Rutans. For a moment there, it looked rather like my number was well and truly up.

STABB:
You have been rescued from nothing, Doctor. Your death is no less certain than it was. But it will be more… protracted. (TO SONTARAN CREW AROUND) Eh, my troopers?

20 x SONTARANS:
(CHEERS)

DOCTOR:
Your species is still sore about that Gallifrey business, then. Only to be expected, I suppose. Never mind. Very well – (LOUDLY, PROCLAIMING) I offer you my complete capitulation.

STABB:
Eh? Speak up, damn you!

DOCTOR:
(LOUDER) Furthermore, I offer you my willing participation in any propaganda materials you may wish to create: 'I, the legendary Doctor, hail the mighty Sontaran Empire, that has finally conquered me' – that sort of thing.

STABB:
Is this a Time Lord trick?

DOCTOR:
All I ask is: first, that you rescue my friends from the surface of Samur; second, that you make every reasonable effort to reverse the damage done to them by Sontaran bacteriological weapons…

STABB:
It is a Time Lord trick!

DOCTOR:
… and third, that you despatch them to a neutral planet at an appropriately advanced level of development.

STABB:
That is all?

DOCTOR:
I don't believe it's asking so very much, in the circumstances.

STABB:
This offer cannot be accepted!

DOCTOR:
Disappointing. It was my only card, rather. Is there any particular reason why not?

STABB:
Because first: if we *are* to make a propaganda film of you begging for mercy, we shall obtain it by submitting you to every one of the processes outlined in Field-Major Styre's manual on humanoid resistance to torture!

DOCTOR:
Styre? I didn't realise he'd published.

STABB:
Posthumously. (BEAT) Second: the moment that the Witch Guards destroy the three remaining members of the Sontaran mission to Samur, the three thousand cobalt-headed missiles carried by this battlesphere will blast the wretched planet below to less than dust!

DOCTOR:
Will it now?

STABB:
Making a rescue mission… impractical.

DOCTOR:
Yes, I can see that. Curious, that the mighty Sontaran Empire should devote so much effort to satisfying the terms of a mystical curse. You'll be training up soothsayers next.

STABB:
The curse of Sontar is real, Doctor! When Field-Major Thurr and his comrades succumb to the Witch Lords – then, at last, it will be lifted! And the Sontaran Empire will be able to grow more powerful than ever before! (ASIDE) Adjutant – status of Thurr's men?

ADJUTANT:
(OFF) Three life-signs still, Fleet Marshal!

STABB:
Who would have thought that blundering reject would have so much fight in him?

DOCTOR:
I have an idea, Fleet Marshal. While we're waiting for Thurr and his men to succumb – why don't you tell me more about this curse?

STABB:
I have a better idea, Doctor. While we wait for Thurr and his comrades – why don't we fight?

DOCTOR:
Fight?

STABB:
(ALOUD) What do you say, my warriors?

20 x SONTARANS:
(FX: STAMPING FEET) Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! [ETC]

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) This isn't working out quite as I'd hoped.

SCENE 74: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

NYSSA:
Tegan's right, though. If these are *not* the finest sons of Sontar, how can their sacrifice lift the curse?

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
There are seven great clans within the Empire.

THURR:
Clone descendants of Sontar's most decorated soldiers, yes.

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
These seven are genetically identical to seven of Sontar's finest sons… but each is the runt of their litter!

TURLOUGH:
So their 'sacrifice' is purely symbolic?

NYSSA:
I don't think so. If the Witch Guards absorb a direct copy of each of the Sontarans' greatest heroes…

TEGAN:
… they can re-create those heroes, is that it?

NYSSA:
Perhaps. But why?

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
You will never know. Comrades – destroy and absorb the humanoids!

TURLOUGH:
I thought you didn't need us!

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
We have the memories of Sontar's greatest heroes. We know their legends, about their battles with the Doctor…

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
About his travels in time and space. About his TARDIS. Absorb you, and we will gain insight into its operation.

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
We shall be free of this world! We shall be free of this time!

TURLOUGH:
Only Nyssa knows how to fly the TARDIS. And the Doctor, of course.

TEGAN:
Turlough, you weasel!

NYSSA:
It's alright, I'll be dead soon anyway. They might as well absorb me, if it means you two get to live.

TEGAN:
No chance. No-one else is dying today. Not on my watch.

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
You speak like a warrior, Tegan Jovanka. You, too, will be absorbed…

TEGAN:
What?!?

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
… but the boy Turlough is too treacherous to be of value.

TURLOUGH:
If you say so.

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
Then kill him. But do not absorb him.

TURLOUGH:
What?!?

TEGAN:
Serves you right, ratfink.

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
Advance and destroy them! Now! Now! *Now!!!*

SCENE 75: INT. BRIDGE OF SONTARAN BATTLESPHERE

STABB:
We fight, Doctor, with gravity clubs.

DOCTOR:
Gravity clubs?

STABB:
Hand the Doctor his club, adjutant.

ADJUTANT:
Yes, Fleet Marshal, sir! (PASSES CLUB)

DOCTOR:
I'd really rather [not] — (TAKING CLUB, SAGGING UNDER WEIGHT) This is ridiculous, this thing weighs a ton!

STABB:
The club currently has a relative weight of ten pounds. But throughout the course of our duel, the weight will increase automatically…

(FX: THROBBING, VIZ GRAVITY BAR IN 'THE SONTARAN EXPERIMENT')

DOCTOR:
(STAGGERING AS CLUB'S WEIGHT INCREASES) Ooof!

STABB:
… until one of us can no longer lift his club to defend himself.

DOCTOR:
Or one of us has been pulverised by the other.

STABB:
I shall take the first swing. (HEFTING CLUB, EFFORT) Huurgh!

20 x SONTARANS:
(CHEER)

(FX: CLUB CRASHES INTO METAL FLOOR. SONTARANS FALL SILENT)

(BEAT)

STABB:
You will not be so agile after a few more rounds, Doctor. Your swing.

DOCTOR:
I'm not playing, Fleet Marshal. Take it back, Adjutant.

STABB:
Then you forfeit your turn, Doctor. My swing. (EFFORT) Huurgh!

(FX: CLUB SMASHES ON FLOOR)

DOCTOR:
Missed again.

STABB:
(TIRED, TO SONTARANS) Cheer! Cheer, my warriors! Or I shall have you all boiled into glue!

20 x SONTARANS:
(CHEER WILDLY)

DOCTOR:
While you catch your breath — I'm still wondering about this curse of yours, Fleet Marshal.

STABB:
It was how the Witch Guard told me, when I captured the creature all those years ago.

DOCTOR:
You captured it?

STABB:
I was a young Commander then. The conquest of Samur made me a hero. Promoted. Feted. Cloned a million times over.

DOCTOR:
Only things haven't gone so well since. For the Empire, I mean.

STABB:
No. — (EFFORT) Huuurgh!

(FX: CRASH ON FLOOR)

20 x SONTARANS:
(MUTED CHEERS)

(FX: THROBBING EFFECT — CLUB WEIGHT INCREASING)

DOCTOR:
That's, what, forty pounds now?

STABB:
(BREATHLESS) My club will split your skull in two, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Slow down, you'll do yourself a damage. One last question. What happened to the Witch Guard you captured?

STABB:
I took a plasma cannon to it. It evaporated into darkness, like smoke. Then it dispersed altogether.

DOCTOR:
Darkness?

STABB:
Eardrum trouble. I empathise.

DOCTOR:
No, no. But all this is very, very interesting. I have a theory, if you'd care to hear it?

STABB:
No. — (EFFORT) Huuurgh!

SCENE 76: EXT. COURTYARD EAST

(FX: SWISHING BLADES, THROUGH:)

WITCH GUARDS:
(ADVANCING) Kill them. Absorb them. Now!!!

TURLOUGH:
Retreat, Field-Major! We have to retreat!

THURR:
Retreat, pah! It is not the Sontaran way!

VEND:
They're getting closer!

JORR:
Push the hostages onto their blades! With any luck, they'll get stuck! Stop these Witch Guards in their tracks!

NYSSA:
Nooo!!!

VEND:
They'll never stop! They'll just keep coming!

TEGAN:
No, wait! They did stop, once before. Back at the crater. —

NYSSA:
Well, what made them do that? Think, Tegan!

TEGAN:
Feedback! From the transmitter! Field-Major, activate the transmitter!

THURR:
But that will only cause us Sontarans mental agony!

NYSSA:
It'll do the same to the Witch Guards! Don't you see? They haven't only absorbed your comrades' strengths — they've absorbed their weaknesses, too!

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
It is… not true!

TEGAN:
True enough to cause you to pause! (TO THURR) Do it, Napoleon!

VEND:
She is right, sir! Switch on!

(BEAT)

THURR:
… Bahhh! (FX: SWITCHES ON. FUZZ/FEEDBACK FILLS THE AIR)

SONTARANS & WITCH GUARDS:
(ALL CRY OUT IN MENTAL AGONY)

NYSSA:
Tegan, you were right!

TEGAN:
Don't sound too surprised, will you?!? Let's get the Sontarans into the ship, back under cover. —

TURLOUGH:
Again, why are we saving them?

TEGAN:
Because Napoleon was right. We are all in this together!

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
(GASPING THROUGH PAIN) The batteries in your transmitter, they cannot last!

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
(DITTO) You only delay the inevitable, Tegan Jovanka!

TEGAN:
Yeah, well — as my Auntie Vanessa used to say:

TURLOUGH:
Here we go. "Where there's life, there's hope", I suppose?

TEGAN:
Hardly. (TO WITCH GUARDS) "Get stuffed!"

SCENE 77: INT. BRIDGE OF SONTARAN BATTLESPHERE

(FX: CLUB SMASHES ON FLOOR)

STABB:
(BECOMING EXHAUSTED) Stop… prancing about, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
As I was saying – my theory. Suppose the decline of the Sontaran Empire didn't in fact coincide with the placing of the Witch Guard's curse… but the moment that you, Fleet Marshal, became a hero. Cloned a million times over, you said?

STABB:
There's barely a platoon in the Fleet that doesn't contain a broodling descended from me!

DOCTOR:
Exactly. It's your clones, I think, that have caused those defeats. Almost as if someone, or something, had corrupted their inheritance. Made them marginally more clumsy, perhaps? A little slow, or lacking in initiative?

STABB:
(EFFORT) Huuurgh!

20 x SONTARANS:
(CHEER)

(FX: CRACK ON FLOOR)

DOCTOR:
You'll be through to the below deck if you keep on like that. (BEAT) You see, I don't think that Witch Guard died. I think it dissipated into *you*… and after corrupting your DNA, it was able to corrupt the whole of the Sontaran military machine accordingly.

STABB:
Ridiculous!

DOCTOR:
You realised that a while ago, of course. In your position as Fleet Marshal, only you would have been able to see the pattern develop. And if any strategists dared to notice, too – well, you could always have them melted down.

ADJUTANT:
Fleet-Marshal, is this true?

STABB:
Lies! All of it!

DOCTOR:
Out of desperation, you decided at last to fulfil the terms of the curse. But it won't work, Fleet Marshal.

STABB:
Lies! All lies!

DOCTOR:
Whatever these Witch Guards are, they're not magical. They wanted you to send them seven of Sontar's finest sons, for some reason. Has it not occurred to you to wonder why?

STABB:
Now, Doctor. Now – I shall flatten you!!!

(FX: THROBBING EFFECT – CLUB WEIGHT INCREASING)

DOCTOR:
One hundred and sixty pounds. That's too much, even for a Sontaran. –

STABB:
(EFFORT) Huuurghh – (GASPS: A SEIZURE!)

(FX: CLUB CRASHES THROUGH FLOOR)

STABB:
(GURGLES, COLLAPSES) (FX: A HUGE ECHOING THUMP)

ADJUTANT:
Fleet Marshal? Sir?

DOCTOR:
I can't claim to be the greatest authority on Sontaran physiognomy, but it looks rather like a seizure to me.

ADJUTANT:
The Fleet Marshal – is dead?

STABB:
(GROANS)

DOCTOR:
Still Unvanquished, I think. Do you have a medical kit, by any chance?

ADJUTANT:
(CALLING OFF) Boosters! Revitalisers! NOW!

STABB:
(WEAK, WHEEZY) You, Doctor. You did this… to me! I shall form a phalanx of engineers, tasked solely with devising new and exotic ways to torture you!

DOCTOR:
Later, Fleet Marshal. Ah, medical kit, thank you, Adjutant. —

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY KLAXON: AIR ATTACK! CONTINUES THROUGH:)

ADJUTANT:
That — that is the air attack warning!

(FX: 'THUNDERCRACK' AGAINST HULL OF BATTLESPHERE. ELECTRICAL JUDDERS, AS IN SCENE 6 ETC. CONTINUE SPORADICALLY THROUGH:)

STABB:
A-air attack?

DOCTOR:
You destroyed two Rutan scouts, it's no surprise to find an entire squadron not far behind. I was beginning to think they'd never arrive.

ADJUTANT:
(CALLING) Battle stations, troopers! Rutan scum, incoming! (RUSHES OFF)

DOCTOR:
(RUMMAGING THROUGH KIT) Now, what's in this kit? … Ah, now *this* is interesting. I think I'll take it, if you don't mind.

STABB:
Doctor! You must save me!

DOCTOR:
Here, Fleet Marshal — revitaliser leads. Plug yourself in — give yourself a jump start, put the grey back in your cheeks. (TURNS TO LEAVE)

STABB:
But — you cannot leave! (CALLING WEAKLY) Stop him, my warriors!

DOCTOR:
Everyone seems rather too busy at present. Farewell, Fleet Marshal, it's been… enlightening. (EXITS)

(FX: FADE)

SCENE 78: INT. CRASHED SHIP

(FX: FADE UP. FLUCTUATING FEEDBACK SIGNAL. GROWING WEAKER)

THURR:
(COMING TO HIS SENSES) W-where am I? Ohh – that noise, it is still in my head!

NYSSA:
Back in the ship, Field-Major. I've reduced the transmitter's power, so the batteries might last a little longer.

TURLOUGH:
Yes, but how much longer?

NYSSA:
An hour or so more, perhaps. It's hard to tell.

TURLOUGH:
A little more time to think about what it'll feel like to be slaughtered. That's useful.

TEGAN:
A little more time for the Doctor to get here, Turlough.

THURR:
Your 'Doctor'. Your hero of Gallifrey. Accept it – your Doctor is dead!

JORR:
And we are all going to die in this dismal hole!

NYSSA:
Tegan, might I have a word? In private?

TEGAN:
Sure. Anything to get away from these little rays of sunshine.

(FX: TEGAN & NYSSA MOVE OFF)

VEND:
Permission to ask a question, Field-Major?

THURR:
Is it important, Trooper Vend?

VEND:
I have been wondering. Why do we Sontarans fight?

THURR:
Why? For the glory of Sontar, that is why.

VEND:
Is not Sontar glorious enough already, without a billion Sontaran soldiers dying in its name each year?

JORR:
Give the Trooper an acid pill, Field-Major. His mind has gone.

THURR:
I agree. (PRODUCING PILL FROM BELT) Coronic acid, trooper. Place it on the tip of your tongue, so it might melt you down from the inside.

VEND:
But —

JORR:
Death before dishonour, Trooper! Death before dishonour!

THURR:
Like Jorr says. … That's it, Trooper. Now swallow.

VEND:
But — (SPITTING OUT PILL) — I do not want to die, sir!

THURR:
Our marching anthem, Trooper. Remember it! (SINGING) Sontar! Sontar! We fight for Sontar!/The glory of Sontar is why we fight! … (JOINED BY JORR:)

THURR & JORR:
Sontar! Sontar! We die for Sontar!/The death of our enemies is why we live!

TURLOUGH:
"Dulce et decorum est/pro patria mori."

JORR:
This one needs an acid pill too, I believe.

TURLOUGH:
It's Latin. They had it inscribed over the roll of honour at Brendon, for old boys who'd been in the wars. It means: "How sweet and fitting it is/to die for one's country."

THURR:
A fine sentiment!

TURLOUGH:
There was more. Something about 'Death sparing not the cowardly backs/Of battle-shy youths…'? I can't say it ever made much sense.

THURR:
But it does. It does! You see, Trooper Vend? When the time comes, we shall rush headlong towards it! To glorious oblivion!

VEND:
Glorious oblivion. Yes, Field-Major.

THURR:
Now — put aside your pill, and sing! Sing!

THURR, JORR & VEND:
(CROONING) Sontar! Sontar! We live for Sontar!/
     Sontaran troopers are bred for war!
[Sontar! Sontar! We march for Sontar!/
     The might of Sontar is why we march!
Sontar! Sontar! We fight for Sontar!/
     The glory of Sontar is why we fight!
Sontar! Sontar! We die for Sontar!/
     The death of our enemies is why we live!]

(FX: DURING THIS, CROSS TO:)

TEGAN:
Grief, now they're singing. That's all we need!

NYSSA:
Let them. They're not doing any [harm-] (REELS)

TEGAN:
Hey! Are you alright?

NYSSA:
(SNAPS) No, Tegan, I'm not!

TEGAN:
C'mon, you need to sit down.

NYSSA:
(SITTING; SOFTER) This organism, in the moss. I can feel its tendrils touching my forebrain. It won't be long now.

TEGAN:
Hang on in there, Nyssa. The Doctor will sort it, you'll see.

NYSSA:
But if he doesn't…

TEGAN:
He will.

NYSSA:
Tegan, listen!

TEGAN:
I'm listening, alright?!?

NYSSA:
I need you to promise me something. In our old bedroom, in the TARDIS, there's a small grey data recorder. If I die — *listen!* If I die, I need you to get the Doctor to take you back to Terminus. But you mustn't tell him why.

TEGAN:
Okay…

NYSSA:
It's complicated. He won't find out, you see, until the future. He'll be in a farmhouse, in a blizzard, and… well, that's not important now.

TEGAN:
Finds out what? Nyssa?

NYSSA:
On Terminus, they can put you in touch with a Professor Lasarti. You have to give him the data recorder. It contains everything I've learned about Richter's Syndrome.

TEGAN:
The virus?

NYSSA:
Tell Lasarti, the password is 'Tremas'.

TEGAN:
'Tremas'. Got you.

NYSSA:
And tell him… Tell him there was so much more I wanted to tell him.

TEGAN:
(HALF-JOKING) This Lasarti. He's not —

NYSSA:
My husband. Yes.

TEGAN:
Your *husband?!?*

NYSSA:
I couldn't tell you before, because of the Doctor. If he found out now, it'd create… complications, at a crucial point in his personal timeline.

TEGAN:
Complications, you're not wrong. You'll be telling me you've got kids next!

(BEAT)

NYSSA:
A boy. Well, a teenager. His name is Adric.

TEGAN:
Not another one!

NYSSA:
He has an older sister. Always arguing, always telling me why I'm wrong about everything, and how she knows so much better. Her name… her name is… (DOESN'T SAY 'TEGAN'. BUT IT'S OBVIOUS)

TEGAN:
I don't know what to say.

NYSSA:
Then don't say anything. Just promise me you'll deliver that data recorder.

TURLOUGH:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) What are you two gossiping about? Anything important?

TEGAN:
Not joining in the sing-song, Turlough? All boys together?

TURLOUGH:
It seems to have fizzled out, rather. Come on, I know you're cooking up something, huddled together like [that -]

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY COLOSSAL RUMBLING FROM THE SKY OUTSIDE: STABB'S BATTLE-SPHERE HAS JUST EXPLODED)

THURR:
What is that noise?

NYSSA:
It came from outside.

(FX: DOOR RELEASE)

TEGAN:
I'm gonna take a look-see. Anyone coming?

(FX: EXITS, FOLLOWED BY NYSSA & TEGAN, INTO:)

SCENE 79: EXT. COURTYARD EAST (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: BURNING DEBRIS RAINING DOWN FROM THE SKY. A FEW FIREBALLS SWOOSH-THUD INTO THE GROUND, CLOSE BY)

TURLOUGH:
(STOPPING SHORT) Fireballs?

TEGAN:
Look. Up in the sky.

TURLOUGH:
A big grey cloud. So?

NYSSA:
Not a cloud. The aftermath of an explosion. A vapourisation, in fact.

TEGAN:
Yes, but of what?

NYSSA:
The Doctor detected a great mass in the sky. A vessel of some kind, perhaps.

THURR:
A Sontaran battlesphere.

TURLOUGH:
How can you tell?

THURR:
The implosive pattern is highly distinctive. I have seen it a thousand times before.

TEGAN:
Nyssa, please don't tell me the Doctor was aboard!

NYSSA:
I don't know. —

4 x WITCH GUARDS (were MEZZ, CLUN, NOLD & BEKK):
(LAUGH/GARGLE EVILLY FROM OFF)

TURLOUGH:
Oh no. Look who's back!

TEGAN:
The Witch Guards. What happened to the transmitter?!?

NYSSA:
It's still functioning, I'm sure. But the source of the psychic feedback… isn't.

TURLOUGH:
This 'battlesphere', I take it?

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
(APPROACHING) Fleet Marshal Stabb has been vanquished at last. We believe Sergeant Mezz would have been… pleased.

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
Now, you can no longer hurt us. Now.

THURR:
Is it time, then?

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
It is time, Field Major.

THURR:
Then we embrace it. (CALLING) Troopers Jorr and Vend, fall in!

TEGAN:
What's Thurr playing at?

JORR/VEND:
(STOMPING TO HALT BESIDE THURR) Field-Major./Sir!

THURR:
It is our time. So – we march!

JORR:
Into oblivion!

THURR:
Into glorious oblivion!

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
Extrude your blades, witch-kin! Let your swords drink their plasma!

THURR:
Heads up, troopers! Heads up, and march! (FX: MARCHES, JOINED BY JORR & VEND) (SINGS) [Sontar! Sontar! We march for Sontar!/…

THURR, JORR & VEND [VEND FALTERING]:
The might of Sontar is why we march!

TURLOUGH:
This is insane. (RUSHING FORWARD, GRABBING VEND) Vend, don't!

VEND:
(STRUGGLING FREE) Leave me, Turlough! Death spares not the cowardly backs of battle-shy youths. You told me that!

TURLOUGH:
You don't believe that any more than I do!

TEGAN:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) Turlough, get back to the ship!

TURLOUGH:
No! I have to tell him! I have to make him understand!

THURR:
Keep up behind there, trooper!

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
Field-Major. At last.

JORR:
We die now, sir?

THURR:
We die — for Sontar! All our lives, we have waited for this, and now the time has [come!]

(FX: CUT SHORT BY FURIOUS SLASHING OF WITCH GUARD BLADES. SUCKING EFFECT, AS THURR AND JORR ARE DRAINED OF LIFE)

VEND:
They are dead. The Field-Major. Trooper Jorr. Both dead!

TURLOUGH:
Yes, and none too prettily. So if you don't want to be next —

NYSSA:
(FROM OFF) Turlough! Behind you!

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
The coward. It is your time now.

TURLOUGH:
Vend, if you want your pathetic life to have had any meaning at all — please, get back to the ship, protect Nyssa and Tegan. (BEAT) That is an order!

VEND:
An order?

TURLOUGH:
From a Junior Ensign Commander. I outrank you, believe it or not. Now get to it!

VEND:
Yes, sir! (RUSHES OFF)

(FX: OFF, FROM THE SKY, A SONTARAN GRAVITY SPHERE IS CRUISING FAST TOWARDS THE GROUND THROUGH:)

WITCH GUARD (was THURR):
(APPROACHING) Let us through. Let us see the coward.

WITCH GUARD (was CLUN):
A deserter, it seems!

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
We know what to do with him…

TURLOUGH:
(SEEING GRAVITY SPHERE) I don't believe it. —

WITCH GUARD (was THURR):
Believe what, deserter?

TURLOUGH:
Above you? I suggest you move, if you don't want to be squashed flat by the gravity sphere incoming.

WITCH GUARD (was MEZZ):
He speaks the truth!

WITCH GUARD (was THURR):
It cannot harm us. We are the Witch Guards. We are undying! [Immortal!]

(FX: WHUMP! THE GRAVITY SPHERE CRASHES DOWN ON TOP OF THE GUARDS. SQUISH AS THEY'RE FLATTENED. BEAT. DOOR RELEASE)

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING OUT) Turlough!

TURLOUGH:
Doctor. What a surprise. Mind your feet, you're treading in Witch Guards.

DOCTOR:
Ah. Remarkable entities, I think. But I don't suppose landing my ship on top of them will prevent their recombining. Where's Nyssa?

TURLOUGH:
The other ship, behind you.

DOCTOR:
Good. (SETTING OFF) No time to lose. Come on!

(FX: TURLOUGH FOLLOWS. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 80: EXT/INT. CRASHED SHIP

TURLOUGH:
(OUTSIDE, RUSHING UP) … What do you mean, 'recombining'?

DOCTOR:
(DITTO) The Witch Guards are one creature, divided into seven parts. It needs a host for each of the seven, so it can reunite itself. Hence its need for seven sons of Sontar. Hence the curse, to draw the Sontarans back to a world they thought destroyed. (STOPPING AT DOOR) Do keep up, Turlough.

VEND:
The females are inside, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Er, yes. Thank you, Trooper.

(FX: ENTERING SHIP:)

TEGAN:
Doctor! Hurry! I don't like the look of Nyssa!

DOCTOR:
(COMING OVER) I am hurrying, Tegan. (TO STOP, INSIDE DOORS) Good to see you again, by the way.

TEGAN:
I won't ask where you've been. We don't have the time.

DOCTOR:
No, I don't suppose we do. (BENDING DOWN) Nyssa. How are you feeling?

NYSSA:
Doctor. I thought it would be painful, but now… now all I want to do is sleep.

TURLOUGH:
(TO DOCTOR) We didn't get the antigen, I'm afraid.

TEGAN:
Well, we did, but then we lost it again.

DOCTOR:
Never mind. I found a certain something, in a Sontaran medical kit. (PATTING POCKETS) Now, which pocket did I put it in?

TEGAN:
The antigen? You got the antigen?

DOCTOR:
… Ah, here it is.

TEGAN:
What is that? Some sort of gizmo?

DOCTOR:
They use it to treat gangrene, I think.

NYSSA:
Oh, Doctor, you're brilliant!

DOCTOR:
Well, I try.

TURLOUGH:
Let me guess. A biotronic agitator?

DOCTOR:
Yes, actually. How on Earth did you know that?

NYSSA:
I told him, it was exactly what we needed!

DOCTOR:
(PLACING DEVICE ON NYSSA'S FOREHEAD) So. We place it on the source of the infection like *so*… Initate the process, and…

(FX: A GENTLE, WARBLING EFFECT, CONTINUES THROUGH:)

TEGAN:
What, that's going to cure her?

DOCTOR:
It should fend off the invading organism, yes. We can stabilise her condition back in the TARDIS.

TURLOUGH:
If we can get past the doors.

TEGAN:
So we use the agitator on *them*, dummy.

TURLOUGH:
Oh, yes. —

(FX: A TERRIFIC, GURGLING ROAR FROM OUTSIDE)

NYSSA:
What was that?

DOCTOR:
The Witch Guard recombining, I think. Nothing for you to worry about.

TEGAN:
Which Witch Guard?

DOCTOR:
All of them, I'm afraid. All of *it*, rather. Nyssa, can you hold the device in place, while I —?

NYSSA:
You go, Doctor. I'll be fine.

TURLOUGH:
Just a minute. Where's Vend?

DOCTOR:
Who?

TEGAN:
The last Sontaran. He was here by the door a moment ago.

DOCTOR:
Oh dear. (EXITING) Tegan, Turlough — with me!

(FX: DOCTOR, TEGAN, TURLOUGH RUSH OUT INTO:)

SCENE 81: EXT. COURTYARD EAST (CONTINUOUS)

6 x WITCH GUARDS (were all except VEND):
(SPEAKING TOGETHER) Soon, we will be together again! Soon! Soon! Soon!

TEGAN:
(STOPPING TRACKS) Oh my [God] – they're all one creature now! With six heads!

DOCTOR:
Well, six heads are better than one.

6 x WITCH GUARDS:
And many hands make light work… Doctor…!

TEGAN:
Yeah, but twelve's a bit excessive.

DOCTOR:
Fourteen, once it absorbs the last Sontaran there.

TURLOUGH:
What's he thinking of? (CALLING) Vend! Come away from that… thing!

VEND:
(OFF) Stay back, Turlough!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

VEND:
… I have chosen death! Glorious death! Death before dishonour!

6 x WITCH GUARDS:
Come to us, Comrade Vend. Join us.

VEND:
Yes. Yes! Do it! Do it [now]

(FX: CUT OF BY SHINK OF BLADE. VEND DIES. SUCKING)

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

TURLOUGH:
Stupid boy!

DOCTOR:
Yes, that was the last thing we needed right now.

TEGAN:
How do you mean?

TURLOUGH:
It's growing a seventh head! Look!

7 x WITCH GUARDS (now inc VEND):
Together! Together… again! Whole… again!

TEGAN:
Is it my imagination, or is it getting bigger, too?

DOCTOR:
It's not your imagination. The Witch Guard is a gestalt entity. It can split itself apart, when necessary, to ensure its survival. But it's infinitely more powerful as one.

TURLOUGH:
And you know all this, how?

DOCTOR:
Observation. Experience. And a little intuition.

TEGAN:
Yes, but what does it want?

DOCTOR:
Let's ask it, shall we? (STEPPING FORWARD) Witch Guard! My friends and I, we were wondering – now you've pulled yourself together – what your plans are, for the immediate future?

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
We are seven. We are one. We will use our Sontaran hosts to infiltrate their homeworld. Clone ourselves a billion times, and more.

DOCTOR:
Creating an unkillable army, I suppose?

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
We have haunted a hundred thousand fields of conflict, throughout countless ages. We have absorbed spear-throwers, swordsmen, infantrymen, cannoneers –

DOCTOR:
A battlefield ghoul, living off the blood of the fallen!

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
Now, the whole of the Sontaran military-industrial complex is ours for the taking!

TEGAN:
So – what? You've in the big league now?

DOCTOR:
Who's next, Witch Guard? The Daleks? The Cybermen?

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
One of the most formidable warriors in all of creation, Doctor: you.

DOCTOR:
I'm no warrior, Witch Guard.

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
You have fought and won no end of battles. You have slain, and you have conquered.

DOCTOR:
Never for my own glory! Never by choice!

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
You want to fight, even now. Now you have no means to defend yourself, and no hope of escape… still, you fight!

TEGAN:
Yeah, but is that a strength, or a weakness? (BEAT) Doesn't matter, it was a rhetorical question.

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
(DISTRACTED) There is… weakness…

TEGAN:
In the Doctor? You don't know the half of it.

(FX: A GURGLING, BOILING BUBBLING UP FROM WITHIN THE WITCH GUARD)

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
No. In… us. (CHOKES VIOLENTLY, SPEWING PLASMA)

(FX: SPLATTERING ON FLOOR)

TEGAN:
Hey! Mind where you're blowing chunks!

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
Weakness. Weakness! (SPEWS AGAIN)

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, what's happening to it?

DOCTOR:
I have absolutely no idea.

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
There is… (GARGLE) … a voice within us. Its name is… Vend. It is saying it swallowed… coronic acid. Before it was absorbed. (SPEWS)

TURLOUGH:
The Field-Major's pill!

DOCTOR:
Coronic acid destabilises clone DNA. If the Witch Guard absorbed that – well, no wonder it's coming apart at the seams.

7 x WITCH GUARD:
We have… no strength, to decombine. Doctor, help us!

DOCTOR:
Nothing I can do, I'm afraid. Tegan, Turlough, I suggest you both take a step back.

TEGAN:
Why?

DOCTOR:
Because, very soon, there's going to be a terrible mess.

7 x WITCH GUARDS:
The voice in us. It is saying:

WITCH GUARD (was VEND):
Dulce et decorum est…

TURLOUGH:
It *is* Vend in there!

WITCH GUARD (was VEND):
(HORRIBLE GARGLES) … *p-pro patria m[ori]* –

(FX: THE WITCH GUARD DISSOLVES IN A MESSY SHOWER OF UNPLEASANTNESS)

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:
'The old lie'.

TURLOUGH:
Quite.

TEGAN:
(FX: PADDLING IN AWFULNESS) Eurgh, what has it done to my shoes?!? (FX: FADE)

SCENE 82: EXT. MOSSY PRECINCT (BESIDE TARDIS)

(FX: FADE UP. A GENTLE PATTERING OF RAIN. SOUND OF THE DOCTOR USING AGITATOR ON TARDIS DOORS)

TURLOUGH:
Come on, Doctor. Aren't you done with those doors yet?

DOCTOR:
Nearly, Turlough. Nearly.

TEGAN:
Yes, hurry up. It's starting to rain.

NYSSA:
I don't think it's rain, Tegan.

TEGAN:
What is it, then? Scotch mist?

DOCTOR:
(STILL OPERATING AGITATOR) Nyssa's quite right, Tegan. It's not the season for rain.

TEGAN:
So?

DOCTOR:
So, every Sontaran battlesphere contains tanks, in which to grow reinforcements. Gallon upon gallon of liquid DNA.

TEGAN:
Don't tell me – it's raining Sontarans?

TURLOUGH:
Lovely.

TEGAN:
Yeah, I thought they were a terrible shower.

DOCTOR:
(FX: SWITCHING OFF AGITATOR) There, that should do it.

TURLOUGH:
About time, too.

DOCTOR:
(FX: OPENING DOOR) In, in!

(FX: ALL WALK INTO:)

SCENE 83: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: TARDIS ATMOS)

NYSSA:
(WALKING IN) Of course, it could be exactly what this planet needs. Sontarans were immune to the moss, remember?

DOCTOR:
Yes. I rather think the 'rain' will cause the moss to recede, in time.

NYSSA:
Doubtless it'll set off any number of complex changes in the ecosystem, too.

DOCTOR:
Yes. A new lease of life, for the planet Samur. (FX: OPERATES DOOR CONTROL)

TEGAN:
You two! The way you speak.

NYSSA:
I'm sorry?

TURLOUGH:
Carrying on each other's sentences. You're like an old married couple sometimes.

DOCTOR:
We are?

TEGAN:
Only you couldn't be that, obviously. (TO NYSSA) *Obviously.*

NYSSA:
(UNCOMFORTABLE) Yes, thank you, Tegan.

(FX: CENTRAL COLUMN RISING AND FALLING; TARDIS VWORPS AWAY)

THE END